HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

The publishers are now prepared to supply back numbers of *Harper's Weekly*, containing all that has appeared of the new and popular story by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton—"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"—which was commenced in No. 24.

A PANIC IN WALL STREET.

OUR artist, Mr. Thwaites, has achieved another remarkable success in the very fine picture published below, which, in its way, will be found as truthful and vivid an account of the late panic in Wall Street as any that could be written with the pen and printed with types. Those who are familiar with the scene will have no difficulty in identifying the leading characters: the Jewish capitalist, whom even U. S. and N.Y. State stocks will not tempt; the lender on usury, to whom hard times are seasons of peculiar profit and pleasure; the broker, who leaves himself ten minutes to pick up as many thousand dollars at a quarter per cent. a day, and who does it; the despairing merchant; the victim of an unexpected failure; and the other essential personages of a Wall Street scene.

Our friends in the country, who respect the usury laws as one of the pillars of society, and never remember to have known by experience that money was cheaper or dearer than it is, will need to make a powerful effort of imagination to realize a panic in Wall Street. How the sky, serene so long, begins to lower and threaten; how the *Daily Croaker* gloats over the prospect of misfortune, while the *Daily Blower* falls foul of banks and bankers for not lending more freely; how steamship after steamship sails out of port with boxes of gold dollars, and Snooks, the grocer, quakes behind his counter as he reads of the fatal shipments in his paper; how the banks, which have trampled contemptuously on the *Croaker*, and sworn by the *Blower* for weeks and weeks, suddenly change their minds, and begin to curtail; how Smith and Brown, the great merchants, are thrown out of bank, and are glad to go to Greedy and get shaved at two per cent. a month; how Greedy, elate at the transaction, refuses to lend save at usurious rates, and all the other lenders follow his example; how, on this, a score of minor Smiths and Browns, who had relied on Greedy and his fellows, find themselves suddenly deserted, and incontinently fail; how the *Croaker* exults over their downfall, and warns the public that this is only the beginning of disaster; how the public, ready enough to be scared, begins to believe that the *Croaker* is about right, and puts on financial armor of defense, refuses to lend money, is chary of making purchases, trusts no one; how the *Blower*, in the agony of exasperation, enormously increases the general distrust by protesting that the times are *not* hard, and that there is *no* trouble in the air; how, failure begetting failure, and distrust begetting distrust, a period at length arrives when those who have money like nothing so well as to put it in a stocking under their pillow at night, while those who want it can not beg, buy, or steal a dollar, and the only people in the community who are safe and happy are those who do nothing, have no business, no notes, no creditors, and no debtors, and who might as well, for the general progress, be alanthus-trees or Croton hydrants.

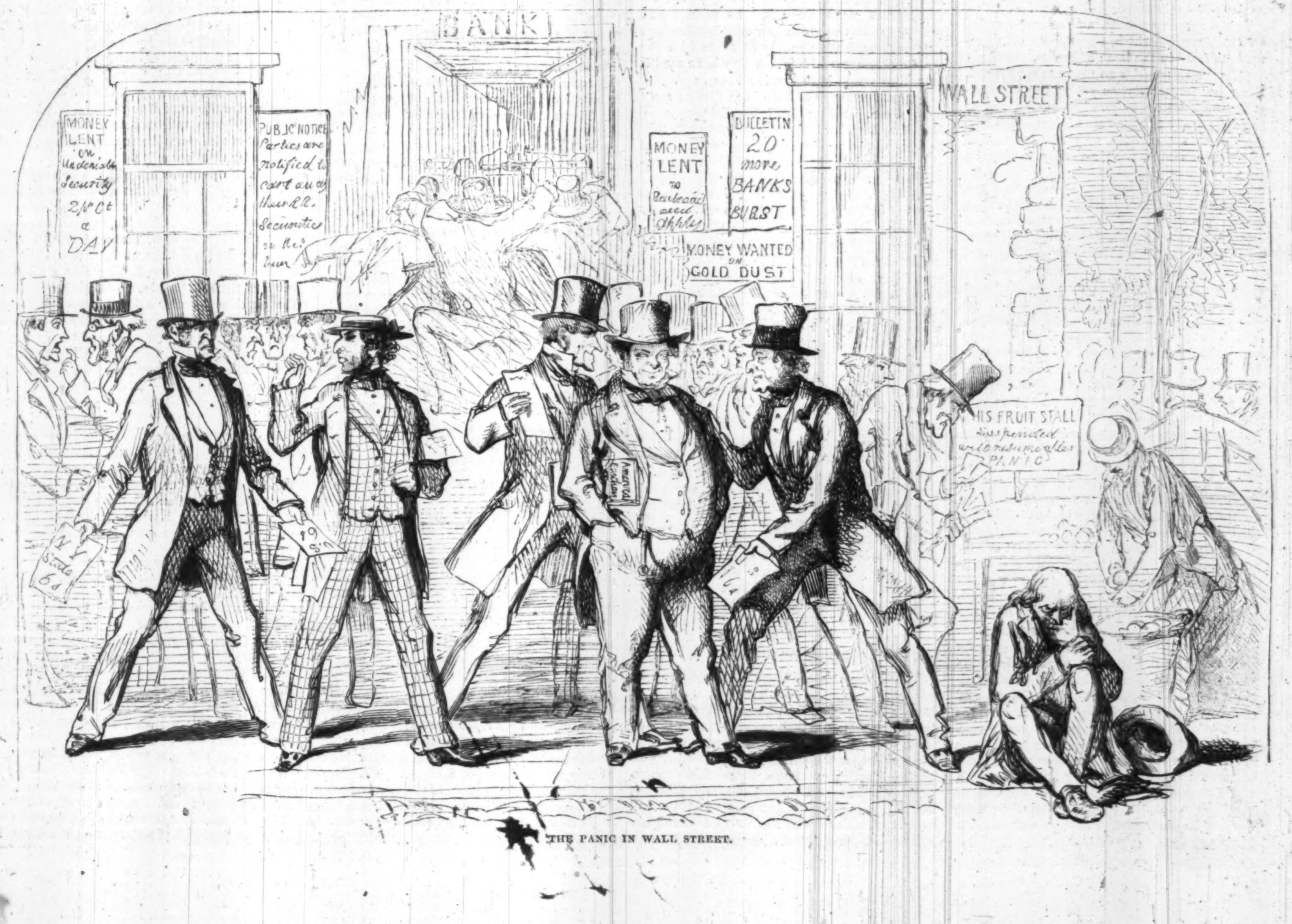
This is a panic. It is a season of unmingled rejoicing to Guzzly Bluff. Guzzly Bluff is a man of means—made in liquors, sugar, drygoods, it matters not. Some people say he is worth one, some two hundred thousand. Three-fourths of his means he uses in the purchase of notes. Though the law fixes seven as the rate of interest in this State, Guzzly Bluff was never known to take less than ten. Once, when money was a drug at five—ah! how long ago that was!—Guzzly absolutely kept fifty thousand idle in bank rather than lend it below his rate; consoling himself by getting drunk at 2 P.M., instead of 6, as was his wont. Guzzly saw it wouldn't last, and it didn't. Hard times followed, and Guzzly got twelve and fifteen with good collaterals. He is fond of telling how, on this occasion, he broke poor Poplin, the dry-goods dealer, by refusing to renew for him, when he had ample security in his hands; how Poplin's property was incontinently sacrificed, and he was forced to take a situation at $800 a year, while shrewd old Guzzly got principal and interest—fifteen per cent., Sir—on the nail. Oh! Guzzly is a smart man. When this panic began, Guzzly had but a small balance in bank. He foresaw how things were going—the wish being father to the thought; sold the best paper he had at the market price; swelled his bank account; and gave out that his rate thenceforth was two per cent. a month. Greedy and others instantly followed the example; on which Guzzly put up his rate to 2½ per cent. for first-class paper, or good paper with collateral. It must have been on the day he came to this conclusion that our artist saw him. He paced the street with a genial smile and satisfied air. He told you, with a low chuckle, that these were awful times. He didn't see where they were going to end. As for the banks, Sir, he thought they would have enough to do to take care of themselves. Had you read the *Croaker* of that morning?

And now Guzzly is a happy man. He hasn't over a couple of thousand in bank. He has what he considers first-rate paper in reams in his trunk; not a scrap of which pays him under 2½ per cent., and much 4 and 5 per cent. a month. A panic is Guzzly's paradise; he can get drunk with an easy conscience at four, and make his twenty thousand while he snores off the Madeira. What a dreadful thing, though, for him, poor man, if the panic should spread deeper and wider, and some of his gilt-edged paper should suddenly turn out valueless; if he should wake up and find Molasses & Co., the grocers, for instance, insolvent. How every body would sympathize with Guzzly!

Panics, like sharks, have their use in the economy of nature. When money is seven or ten per cent., Bumbottle, the great merchant, is afflicted with a species of ophthalmia, which prevents his seeing poor men. He is also subject to a disease of the organs of articulation, which renders him abrupt and rough in speaking to persons of small incomes. He is even troubled with an affection of the heart, which inclines him to laugh at other people's troubles, and sneer at honest poverty. Strange to say, very hard times produce a remarkably soothing effect on these maladies. Bumbottle, who does a very extensive business on—*entre nous*—quite a moderate capital, is a great borrower; and as money rises in value, and he finds it harder to obtain a supply, it is beautiful to notice the lowering of his tone, the improvement in his eyesight, and the softening of his heart. When the banks first threw out his paper, a few weeks since, he was actually seen to speak to poor Dimity, the broken dry-goods man, in the public street; when Guzzly refused to accommodate him at 2½ without security he positively conversed for half an hour with his old clerk Noggs, and asked after Mrs. Noggs and the little Noggses; and now, that the Bumbottle paper may be had by the quire at 4 per cent., bless you, the city does not contain a more clear-sighted, polite, and amiable old gentleman than James Bumbottle, Esq.! Let us credit the panic with the happy change.

In days of yore, when commerce was a blind science, as medicine is to-day, the usurer was a public enemy whom it was virtuous to imprison, torture, and maltreat. This was the universal sentiment. While kings and barons wrenched the teeth of Jew money-lenders, aristocratic borrowers spat upon them, the clergy misquoted Scripture to defame them, the mob hooted, even Shakspeare pilloried them for all time in Shylock.

We know better nowadays. Shylock, under certain circumstances, is a much better citizen than any casual Smith or Brown who, on occasions of panic, locks up his money, and will not lend at any price. Guzzly and Greedy are not amiable objects, certainly; but, for all practical purposes, Smith and Brown, who will not take usury, but keep their money in a chest, are far more useless and mischievous. A man may be a usurer, yet honest and a good citizen, and a man of heart; the true public enemy in our time is he whose intense selfishness deprives the community of the benefit of his means when sudden calamity requires the combined effort of all. It is such as these who render a period of panic so terribly disastrous, and not the men who, while looking out for themselves, use their very avarice for the public good. Commerce and Usury are sometimes fast friends.


BANK
WALL STREET
MONEY LENT on Undeniable Security 2 pr Ct a DAY
PUBLIC NOTICE Parties are notified to cart away their R.R. Securities
MONEY LENT no Railroad need Apply
BULLETIN 20 more BANKS BURST
MONEY WANTED ON GOLD DUST
HIS FRUIT STALL Suspended until resuming after PANIC

THE PANIC IN WALL STREET.

ON THE VERGE.

I.

You have chased me off of earth!
You have hunted me to death!
'Twas your love that gave me birth,
And I perish by your breath!
Now I wander by this bank—
Wander in a mad eclipse;
Wander from the draught I drank
At the Lotos of your lips!
Oh, the sand is smooth and white!
Oh, the wind is calm and low!
Oh, it is a gentle night—
Shining where I long to go!

II.

With your coils of golden hair
Crushed beneath your sleeping head,
With a bosom calm and fair
Heaving on a snowy bed,
You repose, my murderess—
Dreaming of your newest slave—
While I pace in mad distress
On the threshold of my grave!
Oh, the beach is smooth and white!
Oh, the ocean ripples low!
Oh, it is a gentle night—
Shining where I wish to go!

III.

When you stroll to-morrow by
This sad spot where now I stand,
You, perhaps, may cast your eye
On some footprints in the sand;
But they will not tell the tale
Of my passion and my death,
Though the air your lips inhale
Mingles with my latest breath!
Oh, the beach is smooth and white!
Oh, the breakers whisper low!
Underneath this gentle night
Let me curse you ere I go!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1857.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

IT is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years—not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper—has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time. In our own country there is a universal commercial prostration and panic, and thousands of our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment, and without the prospect of it. In France the political caldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs as usual, like a cloud, dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources, and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly Indian insurrection, and with its disturbed relations in China.

It is a solemn moment, and no man can feel an indifference—which, happily, no man pretends to feel—in the issue of events.

Of our own troubles no man can see the end. They are, fortunately, as yet mainly commercial; and if we are only to lose money, and by painful poverty to be taught wisdom — the wisdom of honor, of faith, of sympathy, and of charity — no man need seriously to despair. And yet the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this wide-spread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity.

But the result of the English difficulty is even more dark and inscrutable. England has ruled in India mainly by its prestige, and in one moment the English prestige in India has been swept away. The "mutiny" at which the *Times* scoffed and *Punch* laughed has swelled into an insurrection. It has spread from one quarter to another. The revolt, which was confined to one Presidency, and that the most remote of the three, has invaded another, and that the nearest and most familiar. The "mutiny" is a revolution. Bombay is infected; Calcutta is suspected; a wild, panic-stricken flight has commenced; scarcely a home in England but mourns; scarcely a family which has not to deplore a friend or a relative fallen. Nor have the sanguinary horrors of the conflict ever been surpassed; until, at last, the heart of England, deadened to pity—feeling only the death-pangs of its children—yells in one fierce shout of savage indignation for bloody revenge. The thundering *Times* demands gore for gore; and the laughing *Punch* appeals for vengeance with pitiless pictures. Tremendous will that vengeance be, whether in the hands of Indians or English.

The last accounts are more discouraging for England than any previous ones. The army before Delhi could hardly hold out—having already fought twenty-three battles; the army of relief was, perhaps, already cut off; and the cholera had broken out among the troops. Should it become a general servile insurrection—should the millions of natives make common cause in the struggle, burying their differences, and frenzied by superstition — British India would disappear as by an earthquake; every trace of its domination would be obliterated in blood and fire.

These are the things that make the profound interest of the moment, beside others whose roots are spreading underground, out of sight. It is no time for idleness or trifling, for forgetfulness or selfishness. The complexion of every country, and of the world, rests at last upon the character of individuals. If men are false and timid, affairs, the course of events, are tainted by the cowardice and falsehood. It is every man's business, therefore, to keep his heart and his hands clean — to be brave, and hopeful, and very humble. Extravagance, vanity, the lust of luxury, are crimes in the men of to-day. At home we shall have direct appeals to our sympathy in the swarms of honest laborers for whom there is no work. Abroad, the appeal will be more indirect, in the extremity of a friend and ally.

Good friends! let our conduct prove that the call comes to men who have large hearts, however narrowed their homes may be; who have open hands, however empty their purses. In times of peril we have nothing but manhood, strong in its faith in God, to rely upon; and whoever shows himself truly a God-fearing man now, by helping wherever and however he can, will be as blessed and beloved as a great light in darkness.

OUR CREDIT ABROAD.

SOME of the foreign journals are beginning to set up the old cry of American repudiation, *apropos* of the recent collapse in United States Railroad securities. The London *Times* intimates that simple, confiding, straightforward John Bull has again been swindled by that artful knave Brother Jonathan.

Now, the truth of the case simply is that John Bull and his neighbors on the Continent have for years been so ravenous for eight and ten per cent. interest on their money that they have rushed into American securities without exercising common prudence in the selection of investments. It has been no uncommon thing for the capitalists of London and Berlin to embrace eagerly American schemes which had been peremptorily rejected by the common sense of the public here. Indeed, our Wall Street people have been taught by experience that every foreign community is more easy to gull than our own, and that, of all foreigners, the English are the most easily overreached; simply because the British public seem to have made up their minds that money can be used profitably here without any exercise of that judgment and foresight which are indispensable to the profitable use of money in Europe. Englishmen have been possessed with the idea that all American securities must be good to own; and, while eternally croaking about repudiation, have rushed blindly into any and every American enterprise that was in want of capital, leaving to Providence the duty of watching over the issue.

Had the people of Europe exercised a moderate discretion in selecting American investments, they would have lost no money, and would have had no ground for complaint to-day. Had they used their money at home with the same recklessness with which they have used it here, they would have lost it all long ago.

Experience seems to have been thrown away upon them. Before 1837 Englishmen were wild for American State stocks, which they bought ravenously at any price, and without any inquiry into their value. When the embarrassments of the revulsion of 1837 compelled some States to postpone the payment of interest for a time, these same Englishmen rushed madly into the other extreme, sacrificed their securities at any loss, and roared frantically over the dishonesty of republics. A little common sense would have saved them in the first place from a dangerous investment, and, secondly, from a ruinous sacrifice of property. They are now repeating the blunder. For years Englishmen have been found to invest their money in American railroad schemes which no prudent person here would have thought of trusting, and now that the rotten concerns are going to the wall, these same Englishmen set up a roar against American securities indiscriminately, and will no doubt choose the lowest point of depression to sell out of them.

Well, these gentlemen must pay for their own schooling. To us it is not a little amusing to read sweeping denunciations of American finance from the countrymen of Hudson the Railway King, and from the capitalists who insured the Newfoundland telegraph cable, and refused to pay the insurance when it was lost on the ground that it was where the company wanted to lay it—at the bottom of the sea.

ROSA BONHEUR.

WHILE some women meet in conventions, and solemnly declare that they have rights, others go into studios and hospitals, prove their rights, and take them. It would take a great many conventions, and a great deal of eloquence, to persuade the world that women can command ships as well as men. But when a woman takes charge of a vessel, as Mrs. Patten did, and brings it safely into port, she is not greeted with sneers and scoffs as one who has stepped out of her sphere, but the heart of a country pays homage to her, as a woman who saw her duty, and was able to do it. The conventions forget that the world is never slow to acknowledge and honor all the achievements of women, without making too much account of spheres or proprieties. Joan of Arc, Molly Stark, the Maid of Saragossa, Grace Darling, Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Fry, Miss Dix, Angelica Kauffman, and Mrs. Patten—all did brave and beautiful things, and nobody inquired very particularly whether it was becoming or improper.

And here is a young French woman who has precisely the same commission to do a certain work that Rubens or Wouvermann had, and because she quietly does it, without talking about her right to do it, nobody disputes its excellence, or hesitates to concede the praise which it is impossible to deny. One such work as Rosa Bonheur's "Horse-Fair" is full of wise suggestions to theorizers about the rights, and spheres, and comparative talents of men and women.

That the daughter of a French artist, born with the sensitive eye of the painter and the sympathetic heart of a woman, should be arrested by the noble horses of Normandy, and watch them, and delight in them, till her admiration kindled the talent in her to blaze out into splendid pictures of them, is not surprising, and that is the history of Rosa Bonheur. Why she did not paint flowers instead, why she did not prefer the classical antique, why she did not leave the robust painting of vigorous animals to men, and wriggle her soul away in the painful elaboration of pretty miniatures of perfumed Misses upon ivory, is a question for Miss Lydia Languish and Miss Flora M'Flimsey. Perhaps it was to show that a woman may be as bold and strong an artist as a man; that she may give all the sentiment of nature without a touch of sentimentality; and that there is no Salic law in art; but that if, in over-refinement and morbid delicacy, men are departing from the masculinity of art, a woman may step in and restore its pristine vigor.

For certainly since the wild boars of Snyder, there have been no such animal animals as those of Rosa Bonheur. Horace Vernet paints the horses of old ballads in his great battle-pieces; Alfred de Dreux pleased Paris with the conventional horse of *chique;* Landseer subordinates the animal to an expression of human sentiment; and Herring is a poor imitator. Rosa Bonheur paints the pure horse. She is a woman, and—we beg her pardon, but we mean to say the best thing—she, in fact, goes the whole horse. You look upon her canvas and you see unmitigated horse, sheep, and bull. They are entirely equine, bovine, and sheepish. Landseer's pictures—and we yield to none in our admiration—are poems; but, as pictures, they seem to have been painted upon Circe's island. That greyhound is really a page in love—those reindeer are two rival knights—that patient, noble horse, whom the smith is shoeing, is, in fact, a baron of broad lands, and donkey and dog are but his squire and servant. They are all enchanted. For some inscrutable end they wear these forms of animals; but the emotions they excite are human, and the artist half betrays the secret by always giving them a legend or title suggestive of human association.

Now animals are susceptible of this kind of representation, but they do not instinctively suggest it. There can be no quarrel with an artist who chooses to treat them in that way, when the result is Landseer's; and there will be many who doubt whether that be not a higher range than the actual portraiture. But whoever doubts let him go to Williams and Stevens's, and look upon that sweeping, leaping, trotting, neighing, champing canvas; let him contemplate those noble forms, whose glory inspired the ringing eloquence of Job; let him observe with what masterly skill and easy power they are distributed in every difficult variety of posture and movement; let him see the lights and shades that play upon the glossy backs; let him feel that flowing billowy motion, that bound of impatient power—and he will find that he answers his own questions by the irrepressible outburst of the magnificent passage, "He saith among the trumpets, ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

THE JURY FARCE.

THE discharge of the jury in the case of Cancemi, the Italian who is accused of murdering the policeman Anderson, is another evidence of the unspeakable absurdity of our Anglo-Saxon jury system, which requires unanimity on the part of the jury for the rendition of a verdict.

It has long been the opinion of the soundest minds on the Bench and the Bar that the jury system, as we have it, is an actual hindrance to justice. Rogues and criminals justly regard our jury law as their best friend. Experience, indeed, teaches that so long as we are compelled to select twelve jurymen who have formed no opinion on the guilt or innocence of a culprit, and to secure unanimity among these twelve either to acquit or convict, failure of justice will be the rule, and vindication of law the exception. We could point to half a dozen notorious criminals now in New York, of whose guilt nobody doubts, and who, thanks to the absurdity of our jury law, have gone through the farce of a trial, have been triumphantly acquitted, and now roam the streets in search of fresh opportunities of crime.

Some intelligent member of our Legislature should make a point of bringing forward a bill to amend the jury law as soon as the Legislature meets. A majority of the twelve should suffice to convict or acquit, and no man should be disqualified in consequence of his having formed an opinion by reading the papers. Without a reform of this kind, it were far better for the interests of justice to dispense with juries altogether, and to leave the facts as well as the law to the decision of the judge.

UNPUNISHABLE CRIMES.

THERE are some crimes in civilized society that can not be reached by law, and that escape punishment. They are meaner than any offenses upon the statute-book, for their essence is cowardice. They involve no personal risk; they are not capable of any defense of heroism; but they are acts which, when traced to any individual, not only blight his reputation forever, but destroy any hope of possible reformation or improvement.

An anonymous letter to a pure girl is such a crime, and the invention and circulation of false rumors in times of great public or private calamity is another of the same kind, utterly heartless, inhuman, and despicable.

The recent rumor of Captain Herndon's safety was a flagrant specimen of this offense, and all the worse because, in the freshness of bereavement there is a secret skepticism, which refuses to allow the possibility of the blow, and therefore eagerly grasps at the wildest whisper of an impossibility, as if it were more than probable.

The whim of an idle gossip, the gratification of a passion for excitement, the desire to see the surprise, to hear the debates, to mark the changing hopes of a multitude, and to know that it is all vain, all the result of a base fancy of the maker's, may explain many such stories—even the one we are considering.

But it is none the less mean and criminal. To fire a barn in order to watch the agony of noble animals, to fire a dwelling in order to hear the despairing screams of burning parents and children, to push a friend into the water to see his drowning struggles—these, also, are excitements, but they are the excitements of fiends, not of men.

Of course a rumor of safety of those who are supposed lost will never reveal all its sad consequences to the inventor. It is a thrust in the dark at those he has never seen and never may see; it is a tearing open of bleeding wounds which could only please a hyena or a ghoul. It is a stab at the afflicted, but it is an insult to the public. We owe it to our own fair fame and sense of decency that the name of the offender should be exposed. His deed only lacerates the feelings, only breaks the heart, only renews the sorrow of tragical separation; nobody's skin is broken, nobody's pocket picked. Shall the criminal therefore escape?

What is the name of the man who invented this story of Herndon's safety? Somebody said that he had been saved, and that he had helped save him, and stated it to a crowd of people at an eating-house, and an entry-clerk at the Custom-house confirmed the rumor. What ground had he for confirming it?

We ask questions that will not be answered. Every body is indignant at such idle work, but nobody cares. But ought not respectable newspapers to care? Ought they to print in large letters rumors so important when they confess that they are themselves inclined to doubt? Is there no statement so startling that it may not get into the best papers, provided it only have the air of news, and without regard to consequences? How long would it have taken to ascertain? Or, if the accuracy of the rumor could not be ascertained, how much was lost in not printing it at all, or only as a baseless and wicked rumor? Is it better policy to publish as news, in large type, what the editor himself doubts, and which proves in a few hours to be false, or to wait—in cases of *such* news—even at the risk of being second in announcing it?

It is the instantaneous proclamation of every thing that is whispered, true or patently untrue, which has of late caused the proverb, not that it is true because it was in print, but that it is probably untrue because it is only in the newspaper.

A HOPE FOR THE CENTRAL PARK.

WHEN the Allies occupied Paris they laid waste the Bois de Boulogne, in the neighborhood of that city, and, cutting down a forest of the growth of centuries, left a desert which nature unaided would have required centuries more to restore to beauty. French art, under the energetic promptings of Louis Napoleon, however, has been impatient of the delays of nature; and that which was a desert but two or three years since, is now a blooming garden. We have had no foreign invaders, but we ourselves have been as ruthless in the destruction of our natural beauties as any foreign Goths or Vandals, and now that we have time and taste for the enjoyment of nature, we are anxious for the restoration of its means. The purchase of the Central Park was greeted by us all as a city requirement for health, pleasure, and taste. We have secured its possession, and we are now impatient for its enjoyment. That in its present aspect there is little prospect of those broad drives, winding walks, shaded groves, rippling lakes, and blossoming beds of flowers, need not be discouraging. When we learn what can be done, and what has been done elsewhere, under less promising circumstances, we can see no reason why we can not do the same. Let the Commissioners of our Park, when they have done deliberating and find time to act, take a lesson in promptness from that Monsieur Ber who, we are told, leased a portion of the Bois de Boulogne a year and a half ago. This was then a few acres of arid and sandy soil. It is now the Pré Catalan, the most charming resort in Paris, and has its gardens, its kiosks and Swiss cottages, its lawns and flower-beds, its spreading trees, its lakes and fountains and waterfalls, and all the attractions which taste and pleasure could ask. When shall our desert bloom into a garden? Is there any hope of a Monsieur Ber among the Commissioners?

ALL RIGHT IN CALIFORNIA.

AMONG other items of good news brought by the *Star of the West* is one which consorts admirably with the improvement in the financial world now in course of progress. We learn that the vote in the City of San Francisco, on the acceptance or repudiation of the State debt, was largely against repudiation, and that no doubt was entertained but the State would confirm the verdict of the City.

This will dispel at once the doubt which was entertained by ignorant persons respecting the honor and probity of the people of our sister State. For months the risk of repudiation has hung so heavily over California that the damage done to her interests could hardly have been greater if the shameful act had actually been committed. Now, we trust, those who have done California injustice will make amends, and we shall hear no more, we hope, of the possibility of any State of the Union repudiating a debt, however technically assailable.

MR. PICKWICK JERROLD.

WHEN Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Blotton had their celebrated difference in the club, which was amicably adjusted by each gentleman stating that he considered the other a humbug only in a Pickwickian point of view, the satisfaction that immediately possessed the souls of the club showed clearly that words are things. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has lately brought his talents to the illustration of the same theory, and has well earned the distinction of the proud initials that graced the name of Samuel Pickwick: M.P.C.—Member Pickwick Club.

Douglas Jerrold died, and was honored by the regret of England. His literary brethren, knowing that he was not rich, and that he must have left small provision for his family, resolved to associate themselves for a series of performances, readings, and lectures, to which the fame of the men would be the attraction, and the pecuniary proceeds of which should be paid to the family of Mr. Jerrold. It is only a few weeks since that Mr. Dickens, and the rest of the committee, reported that the amount realized amounted to not less than £2000, or about ten thousand dollars, and this the result of some dozen evenings, in which Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, and a host of generous men of genius had taken part.

The whole affair was admirable. It was most appropriate in character, every man doing what he could do best, and all of them literary men, combining for the assistance of an author's family. It was a spectacle we could well wish more frequent. The tie that unites authors and artists is peculiarly intimate, and a little effort for those who are left poor would have a very great result.

That it was a charity, in the usual sense of the word, appears to have been very plain from the beginning. It was not proposed to erect a monument, nor to found a scholarship, nor to have a portrait or statue carved or painted. The object was to raise a sum of money and give it to the family—a very worthy object, and very successfully achieved. There can be no doubt, probably, that when money is given to a poor person, to whom it is not due, it is, in one word, charity. And charity is commended of the apostle, and beloved of all men. A man may not choose to become the recipient of it, but its name and character remains the same.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has succeeded his late father as editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, and in a recent number of that journal, after the money had been collected in pursuance of the general public understanding that Douglas Jerrold's family were to receive it, he announces that the public is very much mistaken about the condition of his father's estate;—that, in fine, he left about three thousand pounds, and the income of his plays—about a hundred a year more.

With those facts nobody could quarrel, and every body might be pleased. But he then rises into a strain of touched pride, and adds that he "declined emphatically to receive any thing that should wear the appearance of a charity—such charity being needless." This is also well enough, but quite uncalled for, because by "family," under the circumstances, the women and not the men are understood. He then states that he was assured the "Remembrance" fund would be in honor of his father's memory, *and be offered as an addition to his estate*, but if the public have any idea that the gifts were efforts of charity, the public is very much mistaken. This is put with Pickwickian precision; not charity, but—an addition to the estate.

Does Mr. Jerrold suppose that if Sir Edward Lytton should die, his literary peers would get up a series of performances to be able to add something to his estate? If not, it is because they would know he was rich, and his family did not need such an addition. If they did it, it would be because they knew that he died poor and left his family, not perhaps penniless but poor. And the "addition to the estate" would be a very awkward circumlocution for charity.

The affair is not especially important to us, but the moral of it is; and it is this, that we need not be afraid to call things by their names. If a man helps you out of the water, it is *helping*. If a man comes forward and pays your notes at a time when you would fail if he did not, it is *charity* in the guise of friendship. You may repay him twenty years afterward with interest, but it was none the less charity. That is to say, it was kindness, thoughtfulness, human sympathy; and as he might have shared his bed or his bread with you when you had neither, so he shared his money when he had it and you had not.

This is precisely what the friends of Douglas Jerrold did. It was noble, and thoughtful, and humane; and despite the amiable and filial Pickwick Jerrold, M.P.C., it was an illustration of that loveliest of virtues—CHARITY.

HOW TO GET AT THE TRUTH.

IN foreign countries, when a steamer is lost with her passengers, or a railway accident destroys human lives, or persons are killed *en masse* by any other sudden calamity, the government instantly appoints a commission with power to inquire into the circumstances, and to take testimony under oath; that commission reports at length, and the law officers of the state take action in conformity with the facts presented in the report.

This appears to be a good example to follow. For instance, several hundred lives were lost by the shipwreck of the *Central America*, and an opinion extensively prevails that that disaster was due either to the unseaworthiness of the ship or to the misconduct of the chief engineer. It is impossible to decide how far this opinion is well founded, because a judicial inquiry into the facts seems to be not feasible in the present state of the law. The United States law officers seem disinclined to act, and no one can suggest a shape in which the matter can be got before the courts.

Surely it would be a good thing for Congress to make it incumbent on the national executive to appoint a commission in every such case, to direct that commission to institute the most thorough inquiry into the facts, and to require the law officers of the United States to act upon the suggestions contained in the report. If the clause in the Constitution respecting post-roads were held not to convey to Congress a similar authority to appoint a commission to inquire into railway accidents, State laws should be passed providing for such inquiry in such cases.

As it is, we hear of slaughter after slaughter, and not only is no one ever punished, even where the gravest loss of life flows from the grossest negligence, but the truth is actually never elicited. Such a state of things is disgraceful to a civilized nation.

OUR MANNERS ABROAD.

A STORY has been recently told with great gusto in the newspapers, of Mr. Minister Mason's leaning his arm upon the chair of the Empress Eugènie. The report was so palpably absurd that it would have perished at once, except for the careful blowing given to it by some well-meaning and mistaken friends, who, by writing letters about it, have kindled it again into momentary importance.

It is a sufficiently good story for partisans to tell at the expense of an opponent; but it certainly does not deserve a very indignant contradiction. If some ingenious and desperate paragraphist should inform us that his Excellency James Buchanan indulged himself in dancing the polka for an hour after dinner every day, it would be hardly worth while for Mr. Secretary Cass to write to the papers that it was no such thing; and add that the President was universally distinguished for the decorum of his demeanor. The court may be presumed to know something of law, and the public should not be supposed to be entirely ignorant of probabilities.

But in the absence of graver matters, the manners of our countrymen at foreign courts have given rise to a great deal of remark and comical criticism during the past few years. When the late lamented Mr. Marcy issued his celebrated tailoring instructions to our various Ministers, there was a gush of admiration or contempt from every corner of the land; and when the Hon. Mr. Doolittle, our Minister to Madagascar, lolled about the streets in his carriage, drunk, and smoked a cigar; or the Hon. Mr. Dooless, our Minister to Van Diemen's Land, harangued the populace in his shirt-tail from the balcony of his hotel upon the sublime and beautiful, the compatriots of these eminent functionaries were a little ashamed; and as a diplomatist in Europe is usually considered a type of the upper class, the compatriots were unpleasantly conscious that popular prejudice would regard the Honorables Doolittle and Dooless as specimens of the American gentleman.

It is preposterous to suppose for a moment that Mr. Mason, who is a well-bred man, could be guilty of an impropriety which is scarcely possible. But the very fact that the story was invented, and the currency it obtained, showed the painful consequences of the unhappy reputation of bad manners which we have acquired abroad.

Nothing is so cheap as courtesy. A bow is a luxury of which nobody need be very frugal. An American is, of course, the greatest and best of men; but he need not constantly assert his superiority to the unhappy natives of other countries, by blowing his tobacco smoke in their noses and flapping his broadcloth skirts in their eyes. After all, we ought to remember that it is more the misfortune than the fault of the eight hundred and seventy-five million out of the nine hundred million inhabitants of the earth, that they are not born on the Atlantic coast of this continent or in the valley of the Mississippi. Homer and Plato, Phidias and Apelles, did the best they could under the circumstances, by being born in Greece, for America had not then been picked up in the Western Ocean. And so we ought to pity rather than blame Danté, and Shakspeare, and Bacon; for their parents persisted in staying at home, and the most resolute patriot will concede that it was very difficult for these famous men, during that obstinacy of their parents, to be born abroad. Besides, the world plunged on for several thousands of years without the slightest regard to our probable appearance, so that every proper allowance should be made for our not always receiving the attentions that are shown to people who arrived several score of centuries before us.

And yet at whatever moment of history we may have arrived, or in whatever society we may find ourselves, is it not extremely curious that we have acquired such a reputation for bad manners?

When we reflect how careful the American parent is of the conduct of his children, that he not only educates his sons in habits of simplicity and frugality, and teaches his daughters to avoid display and extravagance, but that he insists so warmly upon a healthful physical training, prohibiting smoking, drinking, and the general dissipation of late hours, and shows in his own conduct such manliness and freedom from excess and prejudice, and such a constant preference of worth to wealth; and when we add to this that the children themselves so heartily co-operate with their parents, the sons refusing to lie about as lazy drones, declining to play billiards, or drink brandy, or drive fast horses, or gamble, or debauch; the daughters industrious, careful, affectionate, devoting their days to making home happy, smiling at the wild extravagance of foreign fashions, always preferring a sensible, honest fellow, working for his living, to a lazy heir or the traveling son of an English nobleman, or the uncertain titles of a continental count; when we see all these things, and contemplate the refined and simple style in which the American is educated, is it not another ludicrous instance of the absurdity and prejudice of foreign society, that it tells the most ridiculous stories of our conduct in Europe, and refuses to believe that any American is well-bred, until he proves it by his behavior?

A PLEA FOR UNPROTECTED FEMALES.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

MR. EDITOR: SIR,—Are you generous enough, and considerate enough to assist us women in a cause that very nearly concerns our comfort, and does not in the least interfere with yours? I know you have a chivalrous fondness for us *en masse*, and endeavor to please us in a hundred ways that many men would never dream of.

At this moment we want your advice on a very important topic. We are all dying, night after night, to get to the operas, concerts, and theatres, while these numerous famous actors and singers are here to be heard, and—would you believe it?—we have absolutely no one to take us! We hear a great deal about unprotected females in these days; but it strikes us that we "protected" women are rather the worse off of the two. Having husbands, fathers, and brothers, it is supposed that we are well provided with every possible comfort in the way of escort; when the fact really is, that our various male relatives are about as much use to us as the angels in heaven! They all, every one of them, think it a bore to go out with their families, and never *will* do it if they can possibly avoid it. Once in a year, perhaps at Christmas time, the father is urged to make an effort, and to take the children to the Ravels, or something equally absorbing, and maybe his patriarchal pride is pleased to parade the little procession, with faces cleanly washed, and their hair pleasingly combed, to the everlasting Niblo's, where they sedately make a night of it.

But this is not quite enough for us who have arrived at years of—indiscretion, and consider ourselves adapted to something more intellectual. Husbands are worse than useless; so far from taking us out, they become almost an obligation upon us to remain at home altogether! The moment dinner is over, they sink into an easy chair; the boots are kicked off, the slippers pushed on, the newspaper taken up, and there the creature remains, a strong fixture, imperturbable to importunities, inaccessible to hints, immovable to remonstrances, stolid to endearments, invulnerable to manœuvres of every kind; in short, he had better be left alone. All remarks as to "A delightful opera to-night, my dear!" or, "So-and-so makes a first appearance this evening, my love!" are only received with that peculiar domestic deafness which comes on so very suddenly sometimes. If in a yielding mood, you *may* catch a murmur about "some other night," but it has been said so often that it is no more to be trusted than men of business in Wall Street at the present financial crisis. In fact, tired out with exertion, he has come home to rest himself, and he means to do it.

Well, let him, dear fellow! whoever he is—let him rest in peace! It is quite reasonable that he *should* repose after a day's turmoil; but is it equally reasonable, I ask, that we, who have had no turmoil, and don't want any rest, but have been poking at home all day long—is it reasonable, I say, that *we* should have to sit down likewise, and watch the masculine gender in its quiescence? We are not wanted; perhaps after an hour or two of absence we might be all the more welcome; why, then, should we not be off to the theatre alone, I wonder?

Take our brother, do you say? You can hardly realize what you are talking about, to suggest such a thing. Do you actually suppose that smart young man is such a milksop as to pass an evening escorting his female relatives about the town? At your time of life you ought to know Young America a little better. An evening is too valuable, my dear Sir, to be wasted upon us! What can be more stupid than entertaining your own family? That young man has, I assure you, more lively schemes on hand, more *piquante* companions than well-behaved sisters or a sensible aunt! The sex is very delightful, no doubt; but it is not desirable in these precise relations. You perceive then, my dear Sir, that fathers, husbands, and brothers, are as good, or rather as bad, as nothing to us. I wish to know, therefore, what we are to do. Some of us have lovers, of course, and during the period of their office they behave admirably, most of them; but it merges too soon into commonplace husbandry; and once the reign of slipper and newspaper commenced, there's an end of every thing like "attention." But however charming we are, we haven't adorers *all* the time, you know. As you might conclude, there *will* be interregnums in the best regulated flirtations; and here I feel myself impelled to a small confession, which I will confide to your honor, trusting you will make no bad use of it. Do you know, have you ever been told, or have you ever imagined, *why* young ladies flirt in this city, as they are in the habit of doing? Do you suppose we want to marry all our stupid little beaux? or that we have even the slightest *penchant* for any one of them? Not a bit of it! We simply want escorts to public places!

Here you have the pure unvarnished truth. Here is the honest explanation of the free use we make of our fine eyes, the upturned glances, the gentle smiles we bestow so liberally upon an incipient admirer; all just exactly meted out, if he seems at all wavering, to fix him at once. Well and adroitly aimed, these expressive shots naturally induce the target to "call again" on "that nice girl." In this manner the business is shortly completed; the coat and trowsers are ours for the short Opera season, and that is all we desire.

But, to tell you another truth, some of us—the more practiced ones—are getting a little tired of this game. Conscience wakes up every now and then, pronouncing the system to be one of downright flirtation, by no means improving to our morals. Some of us, therefore, wish to try and be honorable in our conduct henceforth, and to avoid making friends with gentlemen we don't care one straw about, only because we wish them to escort us out of an evening.

Talking of straw reminds me of one of our ideas, viz.: that as the attendance of masculine habiliments in themselves seems sufficient for our appearance in public, we should manufacture a gentleman of that material, dress it as a fashionable young man, and make use of it as our esquire when occasion demands and no living blocks are to be had. Indeed, a tailor's figure would do as well as any thing, if we had no fears that it might prove heavier as a companion than even most of your sex! There are also strong-minded persons among us, who boldly declare they see no reason why we shouldn't go out alone! (Shocking! isn't it, to whisper such a thing?) I sometimes think it needs but a few distinguished examples for us all to follow like a flock of sheep. Ladies go out alone in France and England. Why shouldn't it be done here, they say, where women are said to be so nobly independent, and to be treated with so much deference by your sex? Many of us are quite old enough to take care of ourselves, and of the younger ones also. Why shouldn't we be "unprotected" sometimes if we choose? Why so much fuss about "protection," as if we were as old-fogy-ish in our notions as the New York *Tribune*? Do suggest something for our benefit that can be carried out without scandal, and will make us a little independent of those tiresome creatures, the "gentlemen of the family!"

Yours always.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XVII.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A Surprise.—The Street that was called Straight.—The House of Judas.—The English Shibboleth.—A Ride around Damascus.—Place of Paul's Conversion.—The Barrada, the ancient Pharphar.—Kiosks and Moonlight.—A Ghost in Mustapha's house.—John Steenburger is sick.

RIDING down the great street of Damascus, "the street that was called Straight"—but which must have been named on the *lucus-a-non-lucendo* principle, if it were in ancient times any thing like it is at present—John Steenburger and myself were alike overwhelmed by the vision of a very pretty English woman, mounted on a white Arabian, and attended by two English and one Arab servants. It was a brilliant picture altogether, that bazar of Damascus, at any time, but I assure you it had new light when this apparition went through it. We are both of us Western men, and both somewhat verdant, though we have seen a little of the world in our day, and we stopped and stared, with eyes and mouths wide open—gawky, awkward boys that we were—and the lady laughed outright at us, spoke to her horse, went like the wind down the street, and vanished.

A loud sigh from John, that fairly startled an old Turk out of his noonday slumber in front of his shop, broke the stillness that was over every thing after she went by. This was an adventure, and adventure enough for one day. On the strength of it we went home, and drank alternate cups of coffee and of bitter Lebanon wine, till sunset, and smoked our amber-tipped chibouks till past midnight.

The next day we were in the "House of Judas," on the same street that is called Straight—for it is the tradition that this is the same street mentioned in Luke's account of Paul's conversion, and that the house of Judas in which Paul lodged is identical with a cold hole of a house now used as a sort of mosque or praying-place. We were in it, looking around as usual.

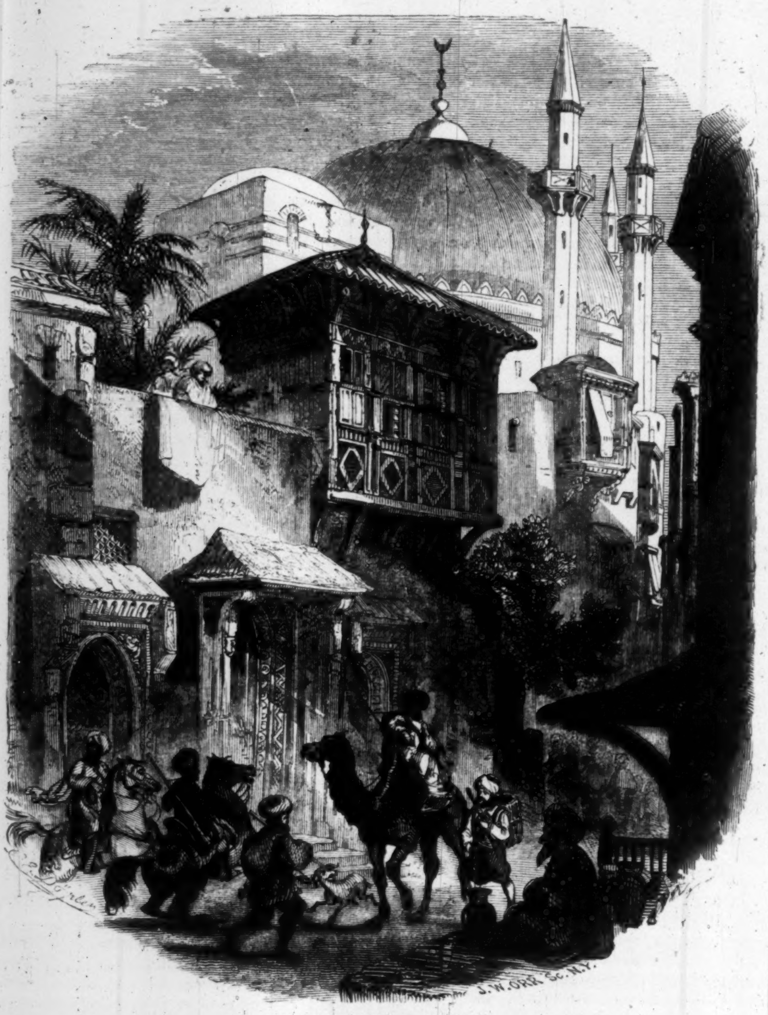
A dozen men, of various grades, castes, religions, and costumes were in the room, and outside the roar of voices in the street was incessant. In the midst of it all came in at the door the bluff, hale, and hearty tones of an English voice.

"No, Kate; I'll be d—d if I do! I've had fleas enough in these Eastern praying-places. Go you in, if you want to. I'll wait out here." And while we were looking at each other in astonishment, not unmingled with delight (for, let me tell you, an English voice is a comfort, once in a while, if it does swear), and when we were wondering what jolly squire had stumbled into the Straight Street of Damascus, in by the low door-way came—no, she did not come—flashed the same splendid girl we had met the day before in the bazar.

A bow and a smile were a necessity in such a case, and then a few words of commonplace talk, and then we all went out together.

"Hillo! who've you found here, Miss Kate?"

The lady looked quietly at us, with a quizzical expression of countenance, too, as much as to say, "Now's your chance for an introduction; and if you know any thing, you will make the most of it."



STREET VIEW IN DAMASCUS.

We knew enough. The old gentleman was a baronet and a trump. The daughter is—a glorious creature. Her gray horse is a match for John Steenburger's, but not for my "Mountain Bird." The roads around Damascus are more home-like than any thing in the East; winding hither and thither among trees, fenced with huge mud or dry brick fences, and these overrun with vines. We dash along these roads in fine home-style, so that were you looking over a fence you might have forgotten that the minarets of Damascus were the only spires in sight.

That afternoon we went out to the traditionary spot of Saul's conversion. Nothing marks it, save only that a few rods from the place is an inclosed cemetery in which sleeps some dust that is well beloved in America.

Then we came back and looked at the place on the old wall where they say Paul was let down when he escaped; and then we rode on around the old wall to the westward, until we came to that most brilliant spot of all the Orient—that place which to my mind most perfectly of all realizes the idea of the splendor of the Arabian Nights—I mean the entrance into the city of the River Barrada, the ancient Pharphar.

It comes down from its mountain fastnesses, pouring through deep gorges and wild ravines, out on the plain, then to the city walls, and in a broad, strong stream, by the forty domes of the mosque of the Sultan Selim, by perfumed tents, gilded kiosks, groups of gay dancers and lounging dreamers, into the very heart of Damascus. The stream in the daylight is not beautiful, though the whole landscape is gorgeous beyond description.

One can hardly imagine what the Syrian was thinking of who refused to bathe in the Jordan at the Prophet's command, because Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus, were so much its superior. If they were in ancient times as this river of Damascus, which represents one of them, now is, it would seem to be a comfort for a native of this city to cross Mount Hermon and wash himself once in clean water. The stream is a flow of yellow mud. As it breaks from the hills it is clear and blue, but it instantly takes up the clay of the plain, so that by the time it passes the city walls it is thick with the earth. It requires moonlight to make it beautiful. But in the moonlight, when the surface of the stream is silver, and the minarets are white columns of snow and their pinnacles stars, when the domes of the great mosque of Selim flash from their gilded surface the thousand sparkling rays of moon and stars, then Damascus and its rivers are glorious, and one may wander on in dream land along its silent streets.

Silent in all but the sounds of music that come from the kiosks, where the voluptuous Almeh women dance in the centre of the circles of smoking Turks, who applaud the most lewd and abandoned exhibitions of the women with guttural murmurs of "Tieb, tieb!"—"Good, good!" while volumes of blue smoke fill the arches of the room and hide the roof.

That evening John and I sat together in the centre of the court-yard of the house of Mustapha, and heard the drowsy rattle of the fountain, and breathed the air heavy with the perfume of lemon and orange blossoms, and the moon looked down on us in all her glory, and the night seemed like a night of Mohammed's heaven. Hour after hour glided by, and still the fountain murmured, and the moonlight danced in it, and we dreamed.

There was a strange interruption. Once a white object, ghostly, and yet beautiful, flew by us. In another place, and at another time, we should have said it was a beautiful woman walking in her sleep. Her long white robes trailed on the ground behind her, as she flitted by in the moonlight. I sprang to my feet—but she was gone.

"I say, John, you have been in Mustapha's harem. Has he any such wares as that there?"

"Hush, Peter! Mohammed has nothing like that in Paradise!"

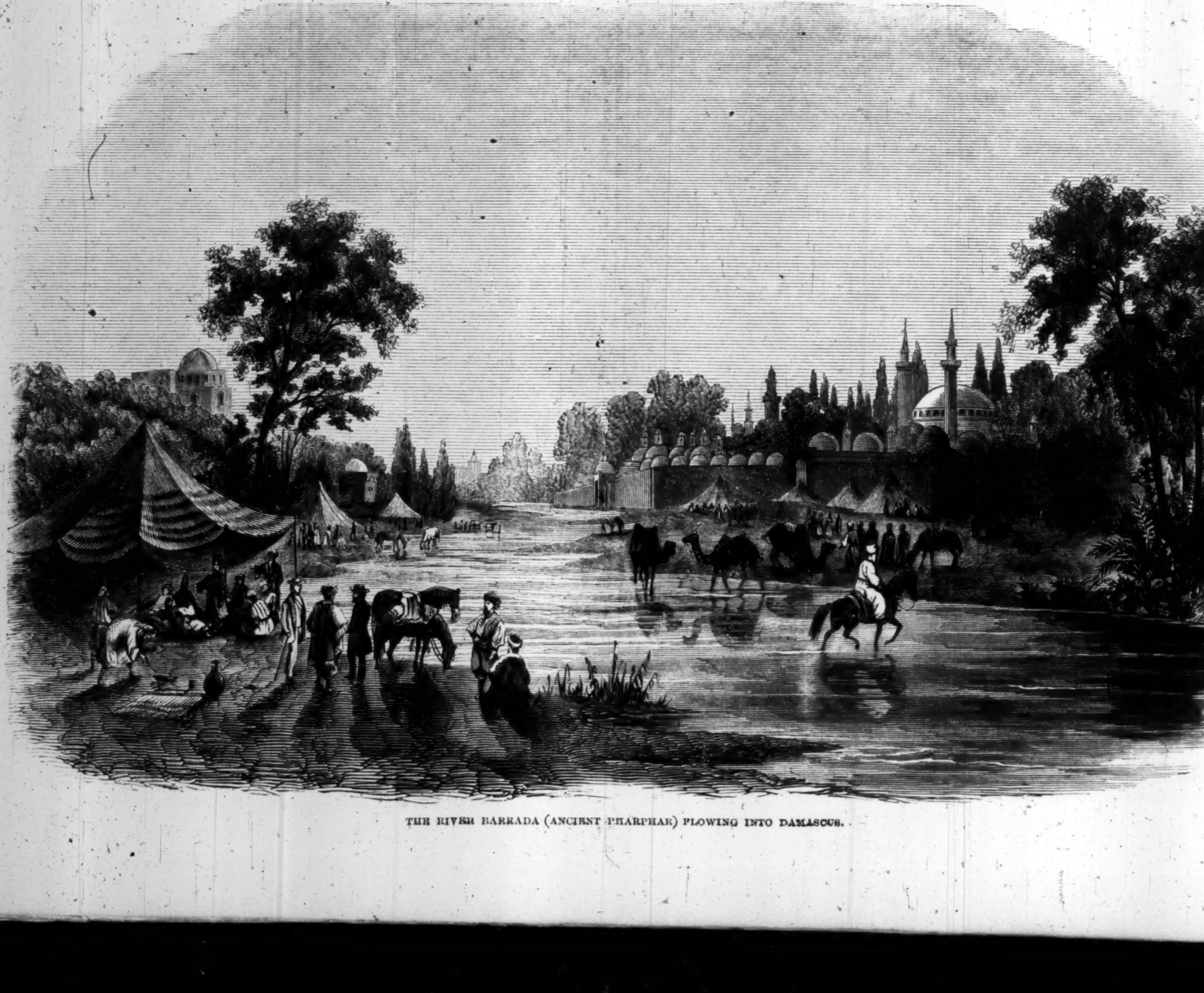
"What are you talking of, John?"

I looked around at him. He lay half-lounging, half-sitting, with his left arm plunged to the shoulder in the fountain. He was apparently sleeping, for his eyes were shut and he had not seen what I saw.

"What are you talking of, Peter?"

"Did you not see that girl in white? She crossed the moonlight yonder, on the other side of the court. Her face was fairly splendid."

John muttered something. I listened intently. He was sleeping, and his mind was away at that lonely grave on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. Before morning he was delirious, and in a raging fever.



THE RIVER BARRADA (ANCIENT PHARPHAR) FLOWING INTO DAMASCUS.

THE WOMAN-ARTIST.

ROSA BONHEUR, the celebrated painter, whose picture of the "Horse Fair" is now exhibiting in this country, is a woman, but on seeing her for the first time in professional trim you would hardly suppose so. She is a Bloomer—not, however, on principle, but for convenience' sake. With her hair cut short, a round hat on the top of her head, a pair of boots on her feet, a blouse on her back, and with masculine continuations to match, she has the dress and air of rather a good-looking young man of six-and-twenty. She is, however, in reality ten years older, having been born in Bordeaux in March, 1822. Her male attire is, as we have said, only assumed for convenience. In the prosecution of her studies in the fields, the farms, the stables, and the markets, she is necessarily brought into a kind of companionship where a pair of boots would be a better safeguard than a petticoat. She, however, occasionally assumes the dress of her sex, but her attire is always of the simplest kind. Her hat is without trimming, and she has neither ribbon, lace, nor embroidery of any kind; and when she walks the streets, she goes straight on, with her head down, and looking neither to the right nor to the left. Her ordinary companions are a couple of big dogs, which trot, one on either side of her.

Rosa's male dress proves generally a convenience, but it has occasionally been the cause of some droll mistakes. For example: One day, on returning from an excursion into the country, she heard that one of her female friends had been taken suddenly ill. Without waiting a moment to change her dress, she hurried off in her ordinary masculine costume to her friend's house. She had hardly arrived and seated herself on the bed, when the doctor was announced. This discreet gentleman, seeing one whom he supposed to be a young man on very intimate terms with his patient, naturally concluded that he was *de trop*, and hastily made off, with one of those significant smiles which seem to indicate a great deal of knowingness and a corresponding degree of benevolent allowance.

"What's the matter with the doctor, for Heaven's sake, and why is he gone?" exclaimed the patient.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Rosa, as much surprised as her friend. "I haven't frightened him, I hope. He needn't be afraid of me; I've no mustaches."

"No; but it is your man's dress, and he saw you kissing me. Run after him, and bring him back—quick, or he'll think you were a lover!"

Rosa was off in an instant, and catching up with the doctor before he had fairly got into the street, brought him back at once to her sick friend, who said, as he came in,

"Doctor, why did you go away in such a hurry? Did you think that Mademoiselle there could cure me, without your prescriptions?"

"Ah-h-h!" stammered the doctor; "you mean Monsieur."

"It isn't a man," answered the sick lady, with a smile. "You do me injustice by your suspicions. Allow me to introduce to you my most particular friend, Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, of whose pictures you are so great an admirer."

On another occasion—it was the day she was removing to a new house—Rosa had been out early in the morning, in her usual masculine trim, to sketch from nature in the country, and on her return went to her new domicile, where she found the workmen carrying in some furniture. As Rosa was fatigued with her country ramble, she took her seat upon the steps of the house. The workmen, seeing apparently a young man dressed in a blouse and unoccupied, cried out,

"Halloo, lazybones! won't you have an armchair? Come, fellow, lend us a hand!"

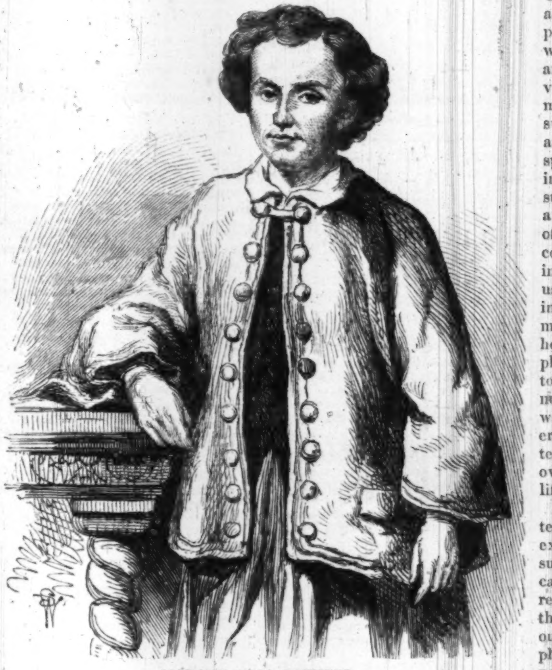
Rosa could not help laughing, but she did as she was bid, and began to assist in the carrying of a heavy wardrobe. Her strength, however, was not equal to her good intentions.

"Oh! you're a poor concern. You've no more strength than a fly. Let go, and be off!" shouted the man.

Soon after, seeing Mademoiselle Bonheur enter the house, and, after having assumed her proper female dress, commence giving orders, the workmen were very much confused, and began making all sorts of apologies.

Rosa Bonheur, in spite of her success in masculine parts, is not deficient in feminine attributes. She is of middling stature, and not too robust in person. Her hands are narrow, delicate, and sensitive; and her feet very small, well-formed, and lady-like, although she does so often conceal them in a pair of rough masculine boots. Her brown eyes are full of fire; and her high forehead, and somewhat strongly-marked, though regular features, are expressive of great force of character and intellect.

When Rosa was about seven years of age, her father, who was an artist, removed from Bordeaux to Paris, with the hope of bettering his fortune, which was in rather a declining condition. He, however, did not meet with a very rapid success in Paris, and not selling his pictures, he was obliged to resort to teaching drawing for a subsistence. His means were so humble that he could only succeed in giving, at that time, his two sons the benefits of education, obtained in return for his own services as a teacher at a school, and was obliged to apprentice Rosa to a sewing-woman. She, however, soon tired of this; and after eight days' trial at hemming and stitching, gave it up in disgust. Her father now succeeded in getting admission for her into a school, on the same terms as her brothers. Rosa was not very diligent, or happy either. Her tastes were for the freedom of out-door life, where she could indulge in that study of nature for which she had already shown a strong bias, in connection with a precocious talent for sketching. She soon left school, and returned to her father's house, where she immediately began, under his tuition, to devote herself diligently to the vocation she loved—that of an artist. She seemed at first to prefer modeling to painting, and was more often found with the chisel and clay than with the brush and the canvas. She, however, finally devoted herself more especially to painting, and after her preliminary studies with her father, went daily to the Louvre, and was soon noted as the most industrious of the students and copyists in that famous gallery and school of art. After four or five years' severe academic discipline, she took her sketch-book and pencil, and wandered freely into the fields and meadows, determined to submit to no other master than nature itself. Her father was still living in Paris, *au sixième*, in humble quarters enough, and where there was no luxury of art to beguile the daughter from her love for natural beauty. As, however, she could not be always abroad, she resolved to make the most of her humble home. A neighboring roof—for she lived just under the tiles—supplied her with a terrace, which she succeeded in turning, by means of a little soil carried up six pair of stairs, into a hanging garden planted with creeping plants and blooming with gay flowers. This was not all. She, by a severe frugality of her small savings, succeeded in buying a lamb, to which she gave the freedom of her terrace. When at home, this lamb was her daily companion, and becoming her model, probably first revealed to her consciousness her genius as a painter of animal life. She soon extended her experiences, and became a frequent visitor of the slaughter-houses in the neighborhood of Paris, where, in spite of the blood of the shambles and the brutality of the butchers, she labored for whole days together, sketching cattle of all kinds.

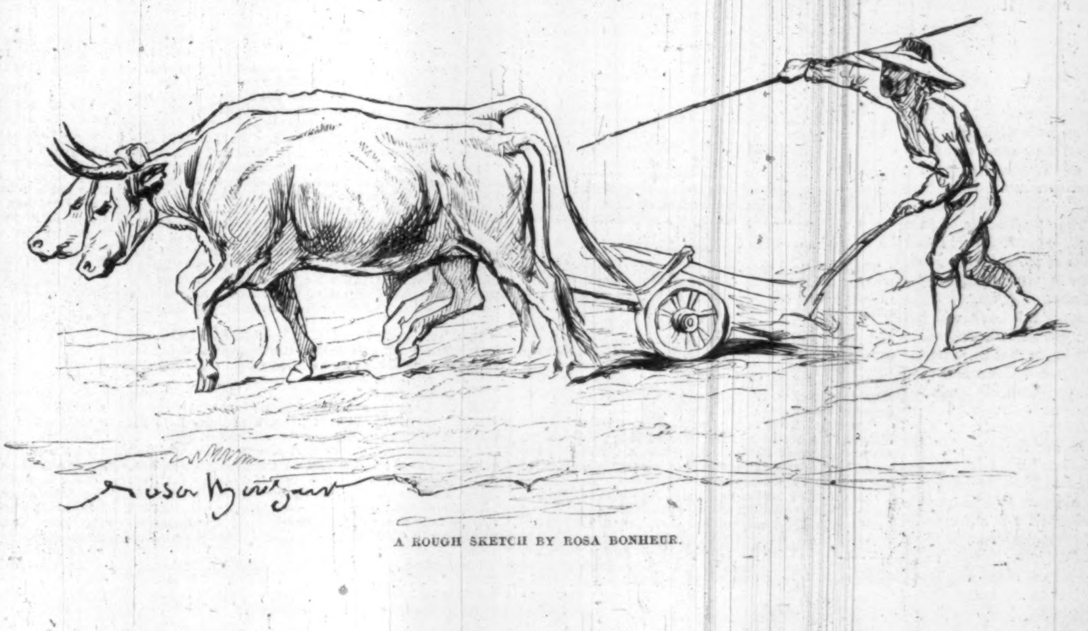


MADAME ROSA BONHEUR.

With this experience she was soon able to venture upon the exhibition of a picture, and made her first appearance at the French Exhibition in 1841 with two paintings, called "Goats and Sheep," and "The Two Rabbits." Next year she exhibited three similar subjects, and so on successively at every annual exhibition—showing at each time increased power, and gaining additional reputation—until 1849, when her fame was so established that the Government ordered two paintings from her brush. In the space of eight years she had exhibited no less than thirty-one pictures, for all of which she not only found ready purchasers but eager competitors. Her greatest and largest picture is the "Horse Fair," which has luckily fallen into the possession of an American, and is now exhibited in this country; so that our countrymen can partake in the enjoyment and admiration of what has been universally pronounced to be a master-piece of art. Rosa Bonheur is said to have devoted no less than eighteen months of hard work to this remarkable painting, having twice a week during that time visited the Parisian horse fair, for the purpose of studying and sketching the animals there from life. She has now so great and universal a reputation that she can command almost any price for her pictures; and there is but little doubt that the "Horse Fair," now in possession of our countryman, Mr. Wright, who paid about six thousand dollars for it, could be readily sold for double (which was, in fact, offered immediately after its purchase) or even treble that amount.

The great merit of this picture is its truth to nature in the simplicity of its conception, while its execution is perfected by an elaboration in every detail, which could only result from the fullest knowledge of the principles of art, a constant and close observation of animal life, and the most persevering hard work. It is not often that the ingenuousness of nature is so combined with the ingenuity of art as in this master-piece.

Her affections are concentrated on her profession, and accordingly we have heard as yet of no love passages in her life, and she remains single to this day. Her family is composed of her sister and two brothers, who have also acquired considerable reputation as artists.



A ROUGH SKETCH BY ROSA BONHEUR.

APPARITIONS.

ADDISON, in descanting on the power and pleasures of the imagination, concludes, from the happiness and misery it is capable of inducing, that God may hereafter so transport the soul with beautiful and glorious visions, or torment it with such hideous and ghastly spectres, as will in themselves suffice to make a heaven or hell of any future condition of being. Whatever use an overruling Providence may see fit hereafter to apply this faculty to, there can be no doubt of the wonderful power it is competent to exert over us in this life.

Sober reason teaches us to examine every subject with candor, and reject many things which our philosophy is incompetent to explain. But imagination steps in and strives to break asunder the chains which reason has attempted to forge, with how much effect the history of the human race unequivocally teaches. No matter how diverse the form of government, or the climactic relations which environ him, man, in every condition of life, exhibits a credulity in regard to the unseen world that surrounds him. In the enchantments of the "Arabian Nights" are portrayed the day-dreams of the wandering tribes of the Great Desert; and in the recitals of the vast hunting-grounds where the Great Spirit dwells, those of the Indian upon our own frontiers.

These may be ranked as superstitions, but they form an inseparable part of the human organization in every condition of society, taking their form and peculiarity from the circumstances which surround those who foster and cherish them. Much of this is implanted in the mind by the nursery-tales told in the earlier years of life, when the imaginative faculty is most active and easily excited, and is too often fed by an improper and unreal literature in maturer years. The poet Burns remarks: "I owe much in my infancy to an old woman who lived near to us, and who was unusually ignorant, credulous, and superstitious. No one in the whole country had so great a collection of stories and songs of devils, fairies, spirits, sorcerers, magicians, will-'o-the-wisps, hobgoblins, phantoms, apparitions, charms, giants, dragons, etc. Not only did these recitals cultivate in me the germs of poetry, but they had such an effect on my imagination, that even now in my nocturnal rambles I often, in despite of myself, keep my eye upon certain suspicious places; and although no one can be more skeptical in such matters, it nevertheless requires an effort of philosophy to chase away these vain terrors."

It is easy to see how one whose only fancy has been fed by these supernatural terrors, without the philosophy exhibited by our poet, should in after years become so seriously impressed with these early recollections as to render them a part of his mental being. There are few, indeed, who have not occasionally experienced in the gloom and stillness of night, when darkness and solitude combined to heighten their imaginative faculties, some of those vague apprehensions concerning spiritual beings, implanted in their minds while yet in the tender years of childhood. It is well known that terrible visions of this kind are an incident upon solitary confinement, at the same time the most severe and unnecessary kind of criminal punishment. From 1837 to 1841, no less than eighty-six of those subjected to solitary confinement in the penitentiary at Philadelphia were driven to insanity by the hallucinations which haunted their disordered imaginations. A friend of the writer, who was much in the habit of visiting the Philadelphia penitentiary at this period, said that it was truly piteous to witness the pleadings of these wretched criminals for relief from their horrible solitudes, which they represented as a torture of the keenest kind, and earnestly solicited, if not companionship with their fellows, at least some occupation which might divert their minds from the thoughts which were driving them mad.

The gifted Silvio Pellico, who was confined at Spielburg, says that during the nights of his incarceration his imagination became so highly excited that, although quite awake, it appeared as if he sometimes heard sighs and at others stifled laughter. In childhood he had never believed in magicians and sorcerers, but under the influence of solitary confinement these sighs and laughter filled him with terror. He several times seized the lamp, with a tremulous hand, to examine if some person were not concealed beneath the bed. Often, at the table, it appeared as if some one pulled his coat, or took away his book, or came behind to extinguish the light, until he began seriously to question if he were not going beside himself. With daylight these phantoms vanished, to be renewed upon the return of the following night.

The reader may infer from these remarks somewhat of the condition of the mind under whose influence supernatural appearances present themselves, and against which the most gifted minds are not always proof. Dr. Johnson tells us that while turning the key of his door, at Oxford, he heard his mother, who was at Lichfield, address him as "Sam;" and Coleridge, on being asked by a lady if he believed in ghosts and apparitions, naïvely replied—as well, poor fellow, he might, under the influence of the drug which intoxicated his senses—"No, madam; I have seen far too many myself."

When the mind is prepared to receive impressions of this sort, a slight circumstance is competent to produce an apparent realization. Plutarch, in his lives of illustrious men, gives an account of a vision which appeared to Brutus on the eve of the battle of Philippi.

Brutus was sitting, in the depth of night, in his tent, with only one small lamp, which gave but a feeble light, plunged in deep meditation, while a thousand thoughts revolved in his brain. His army were drowned in sleep, and silence was profound, when suddenly he heard some one enter his tent. Looking toward the entrance, he saw a horrible-looking personage, who approached without a word, and took his place beside him. "Who art thou?" demanded Brutus, in a firm voice. "I am thy evil genius," replied the phantom, "and will soon see thee on the plains of Philippi." "Well," said Brutus, "then we shall meet again." After which the phantom disappeared.

When day broke he related his adventure to Cassius, who, being an epicurean, replied that the senses were often deceitful, and that his body being exhausted and heated by exertion had perverted the imagination.

Dr. Kerner narrates the case of a young gentleman, who had formed an ardent attachment for a young lady, and being resolved to demand her hand in marriage, seated himself at his desk in order to dictate a letter to that effect. While so engaged, upon raising his head, he saw his mother, who had died while he was quite young, seated opposite to him. Raising her finger with an admonitory gesture, she said, "Do not that thing."

He was in nowise alarmed, and rose to approach her, when she disappeared. Being ardent in his desire to possess the lady of his choice, he completed the letter, and was in the act of sealing it, when his mother a second time appeared, cautioning him against the step he was about to undertake. He mentioned the circumstance to his father, who was desirous for the alliance, and laughed at the circumstance as improbable. The letter was sent, the offer accepted, and, after ten years of strife and disagreement, the marriage was dissolved by a judicial decree.

A case somewhat analogous to this is that of the apparition of Viscount Dundee, which appeared to Lord Balcarras, then under duresse in the Castle of Edinburgh upon suspicion of Jacobitism, on the day of the battle of Killicrankie. Lord Balcarras was indisposed and in bed when the spectre of his friend approached, drew aside the curtains of the bed, and after gazing steadfastly on him for a time, went to the mantle, leaned on it as if in meditation, and then quietly walked out of the room. The Earl, who was not aware at the time that he was gazing upon an apparition, called upon Dundee to stop and tell him the news of the battle. News soon after arrived of the fate of the unfortunate hero.

That the spectral illusions in each of these cases were the result of a disordered condition of the mental organization appears quite obvious. What wonder that Brutus, whose life was given to him by Julius Cæsar—in return for which and the friendship he bestowed upon him he cruelly murdered his benefactor—should, on the eve of a battle in which he was to be opposed by his kinsman Augustus Cæsar, conjure from the depths of a heated imagination a spectre of the most hideous aspect? Cassius, who understood his master's words, and was evidently a philosopher, gave an interpretation to the phenomenon worthy of a schoolman of that or the present age.

In Dr. Kerner's case, that a struggle between affection and prudence existed in the mind of the lover, while addressing an offer of marriage to the lady who had captivated his affections, while she could not conceal those qualities which, in married life, caused such unhappiness, does not admit of doubt, and under these circumstances the mind created the illusion which his better judgment taught him was *a phantom of the imagination*. The whole machinery is precisely such as from the combination of circumstances might be anticipated, and admits of an easy solution upon this supposition.

Thus, too, in the case of Earl Balcarras, confined in the Castle of Edinburgh, indisposed in body, and intensely anxious in mind about the fate of a battle in which his fiery spirit longed to mingle. How natural that his thoughts should become so fixed upon his absent friend as to conjure up his bodily shape before him? In this instance, as in the others, no supernatural energy is required to account for the presence of the apparition. Sir Walter Scott, in like manner, when informed of the death of Lord Byron, saw before him the bodily image of his deceased friend as distinctly as if he had been ushered into his study but that instant by his servant. He was too well aware what tricks the imagination is capable of playing to be deceived for an instant, and although startled at first, he easily referred the subject to its proper cause.

LITERARY.

Ocean Gardens: The History of the Marine Aquarium, and the best Methods now adopted for its Establishment and Preservation, *by H. Noel Humphreys*. London: Samson Low, Son, & Co.

This elegant and valuable manual is for sale in New York by A. D. F. Randolph. Our readers have been made familiar with the subject it treats of by illustrations which we have heretofore given. The household aquaria are now becoming quite common in America, and are for sale in the principal cities. With the instructions which this volume gives, any lady will find an aquarium not only a pleasant but a most instructive and delightful parlor companion. The dry land has long afforded scope to philosophical research, and now the sea opens its treasures; and while scientific men are sounding its depths and laying telegraphic cables across its hills and valleys, ladies and children are gathering rich specimens from the caverns to adorn their homes. An aquarium is a very simple affair. It may be a wash-bowl or a tin pail for lack of a better, until a glass one can be procured. Small iron frames with glass panels are perhaps the cheapest and most substantial. In these salt water, properly stocked with fish and snails, will keep "fresh," if the word be allowable, for weeks; and persons residing near the sea-shore may increase their live-stock in infinite variety. Mr. Humphreys's manual will afford all the necessary instruction, and to it we refer all who desire to try an aquarium.

Ethel Somers; or, the Fate of the Union, *by a Southerner*. Augusta, Georgia: H. D. Norrell.

A novel in which the author seeks to do justice both to North and South. The characters are Northern and Southern—the heroine a Southern lady. There is no attempt at brilliant description, but the story is well conceived and well told, and the whole is readable and interesting. Many of the scenes are sketched with uncommon power and felicity.

Spurgeon's Sermons, Third Series. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

We shall not do more at present than announce this volume. It will command an extensive sale, as well for the intrinsic merit of the Sermons as for the unexampled popularity of the preacher. He is a wonder of the age beyond question.

Why and What am I? The Confessions of an Inquirer. In Three Parts. Part I. Heart Experience; or, the Education of the Emotions, *by James Jackson Jarves*, author of "Italian Sights," etc. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

Mr. Jarves has made a mistake in this book, which he will himself regret that he has published. His peculiar talent lends a charm to all that he writes, and the volume abounds in those delicate and effective touches which characterize all his productions. But it is a grand error nevertheless.

No man should write "Heart Experience" till his heart is cold, or attempt to describe or to outline the "Education of the Emotions" until he is beyond the years of emotional life. Possibly we shall be told he will then be too old and cold to do it. Then it were better left undone; for if attempted before experience is ended, its lessons completely learned, and the teachings of difficult life exhausted, the attempt will result in a book of more or less prejudice, and be itself a product of undue emotion. Let us not be misunderstood. We mean to say simply that when a man attempts to answer the question Who and What he is from the light of his own experience in religion or in life, he should wait till he is beyond the influence of surrounding circumstances, and has ceased to feel the emotions of the hour or the period of life in which he then is overpowering and hiding other emotions and other experiences.

This is the error of the volume before us. It abounds in wholesome teaching, and it abounds in evidence of strong prejudice which leads to a general and violent abuse of those feelings that others cherish and respect. In religious matters especially, the author has evidently had no "heart experience" whatever, and is necessarily incapable of guiding others correctly, yet he writes as if he thoroughly understood and appreciated them.

It is difficult to tell precisely what he would be understood as arguing in regard to the general principle of missions and missionary work. But the impression produced by the book is that he considers missionaries as hypocrites, and the mission work generally as a fanatical cause. If such be indeed his idea he is behind the age. This is not the part of the century in which men will believe it; when the world—political, commercial, literary, geographical, and scientific—is wide awake to the knowledge that missionaries have been the great pioneers of Christian civilization in all parts of the globe, when the Sandwich Islands are almost Americanized, and the Grand Turk has annulled the Koran to permit missionary work in his dominions. But it may be that we misunderstand the author; and if so we regret that he has said so much against missions, and left the book to convey a false impression.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE NICARAGUA TRANSIT ROUTE.

Rumor states that the Provisional Government of Nicaragua have assigned the right of transit through that state to Mr. Manning, British Consul at Realejo, and the assignees of the late William Glenton, of Leon. The American speculators who want the route are using this rumor as a lever to provoke the United States Government to interference on their behalf. They assert that the British Government is prepared to support the claims of Glenton and Manning with force of arms.

RUMORED FILIBUSTER MOVEMENTS.

General William Walker's sword has been sent him from Washington by express. Whether this implies that he is at liberty to use it, is not known. The Ministers of Guatemala, Costa Rica, and San Salvador, have addressed a memorial to General Cass, in which they state that "there is no doubt that there is being prepared in the Southern part of this Republic an expedition under the orders of the adventurer William Walker, the which, according to the advices published in the public journals, will sail about the middle of the present month, or the beginning of the next, and will proceed to the Bocas del Toro, where it will receive the armament which has been prepared in the port of New York, to be forwarded to said point. It is probable that the uniting of the expeditionists and the aforesaid armament at the Bocas del Toro, may be for the purpose of these new invaders of Nicaragua entering the port of San Juan del Norte, for they have no other port by which they can enter. The undersigned hope that the Government of the United States, in view that it can not prevent the debarkation of this expedition, so publicly and shamefacedly announced, like all the others, will order that a vessel of war of the United States prevent the landing of these aggressors in the Bocas del Toro, and that positive orders be given to the vessel of war that may be lying in San Juan del Norte also to prevent the landing of the said filibusters on that coast."

General Cass is said to have replied disagreeably.

A HINT TO LAND SPECULATORS.

A negative answer has been given at the General Land Office to the inquiries as to whether a number of persons forming themselves into a joint-stock association can have the benefit of the graduation act by becoming settlers on the public lands, not for their individual benefit, but for that of their common interest. The ground for this answer is that the graduation act was intended for the benefit of actual settlers and cultivators of the soil only, not for speculators; and that the rights given by it are personal only; and because of actual settlement and cultivation already made or contemplated.

PROVISION FOR THE INDIANS.

The Secretary of the Interior has recently invested nearly one million dollars in the State Stocks of Missouri, Pennsylvania, Illinois, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, in trust for the various Indian tribes. All but $50,000 of that amount has been drawn from the Treasury. The present time was chosen for the investment in order to contribute something toward the relief of the money market, while $180,000 has thus been realized in the transaction for the Indians.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS.

The week just closed has been one of severe pressure and disaster among the commercial and financial community, though fewer suspensions took place than were expected by many. We regret to add that the week closed as gloomily as it opened, with money even dearer than it was, and confidence impaired in almost every kind of security.

NEW YORK.

The City Banks resolved at an early period of the week to discount more freely than they had been doing; and accordingly on Wednesday a small per centage of the offerings at bank was done, and doubtless several suspensions averted. No trouble has occurred among the banks. One large bank has required and obtained assistance at the Clearing-House, and a small Williamsburg bank has suspended payment. There have been several failures during the week, among which the principal were Messrs. Clarke, Dodge, and Co., domestic bankers, Messrs. Pierre Choteau, Jun., and Co., fur dealers, etc., etc. Saturday was a much easier day among the merchants than was anticipated.

BOSTON.

The banks have not suspended specie payments in Boston, and the Suffolk Bank continues to redeem the bills of the country banks. Several mills have stopped, and among the mercantile failures we note Lawrence, Stone, and Co., Richardson, Kendall, and Co., S. Frothingham, Jun., and Co., Sweetzer, Gookin, and Co., etc. A meeting of merchants was held on 2d inst., and the following resolutions passed:

"*Resolved*, That in the present exigency, every effort should be made to support and protect the mercantile honor of the metropolis of New England.

"*Resolved*, That as long as New York maintains her high and honorable position in sustaining public credit, the merchants of Boston will sustain and maintain her honor by rendering all the aid in their power to continue their business upon a specie basis.

"*Resolved*, That the voluntary suspension of banks is a great public calamity, and should not be entertained by gentlemen of high mercantile honor, only in the last extremity.

"*Resolved*, That the merchants of Boston have undoubted faith in the security and ability of the banks of this city to pay all their liabilities in any extremity.

"*Resolved*, That it is the duty of the banks, as well as of individuals, to render each other all the aid possible to carry us through the present crisis."

PHILADELPHIA.

A better feeling exists in Philadelphia, and the banks, under the no specie régime, are beginning to accommodate their customers. Some opposition to the proposed legalization of the bank suspensions has been manifested among the Democrats. The Pennsylvania Bank is strengthening her condition, and will soon be in line. Several mercantile suspensions have taken place. Among others, White, Stevens, and Co., M. R. Wendell, etc., The Reading Railway has gone to protest.

ELSEWHERE.

At Chicago, the banks of Tinkham and Co., Swift Brothers, and Johnson have suspended payment. But little excitement appears to prevail there.

There was a run on the Detroit banks on 1st and 2d, but they stood it without suspending. No important commercial failures are reported.

At St. Louis, Missouri, Messrs. Bogy, Millenberger, and Co. have suspended. The other banks withstood a run which was made upon them. Messrs. Choteau, Harrison, and Valle, iron merchants, and the owners of the iron mountain, suspended on Saturday.

The Rhode Island banks have suspended. On application of the Bank Commissioners, the Rhode Island Central Bank has been enjoined. It is believed that bill-holders and note-holders are perfectly safe.

Several country banks have suspended in Connecticut and other New England States. But the Hartford banks continue to pay specie, and say that they are stronger than ever.

Various banks in Tennessee have suspended.

Hutchings and Co., and Smidt and Co., of Louisville, Kentucky, have suspended, and other bankers are being run.

A few country banks in Virginia are discredited, but those of Norfolk and Richmond continue to pay specie.

At Charleston (South Carolina), Augusta (Georgia), and New Orleans, money is very tight, but the banks pay specie and entertain no fears of a suspension.

PERSONAL.

President Buchanan has returned to Washington from Lancaster, but too ill to attend to business. He has been suffering from a cold. It is said his visit to Lancaster had reference to some financial matters. He had a large amount of money in one of the Lancaster banks, and it has been rumored for some days that said bank was in a rather precarious situation.

Rumor says that Lewis Cass, Jun., has asked to be allowed to return home, on account of his health. But people who know him doubt this.

Mr. Dallas is expected home next Spring.

The report that new diplomatic lists were making up has brought hosts of office-seekers to Washington. Among the expectant patriots are said to be Messrs. Burke of New-Hampshire, Orville Clarke, Ned Croswell, Comstock of the *Albany Atlas*, Dick Schell, F. I. Grund, and Governors Price of New Jersey and Porter of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Brodhead, Second Controller, has been notified that his services are no longer required. J. Madison Cutts has been commissioned for the place vacated by Mr. Brodhead. Charges have been filed in the Treasury Department to the effect that Mr. Cutts had made application to join the Know Nothings.

The Lancaster papers notice the reception of Mr. Buchanan during his recent visit home. He entered the Court room in the midst of the proceedings, alone. Jury, witnesses, lawyers, and spectators rose as one man to welcome him. The President exchanged salutations with the Bench and retired with an apology for having interrupted the proceedings.

President Larabee, of Middlebury College, has been obliged by the state of his health to tender a resignation of his office. But he has been requested to withdraw his resignation and accept of leave of absence for a year.

Colonel Benton is improving slowly, but it is feared that his disease is chronic, and that he may never recover his health and usefulness.

The Boston *Gazette* tells this story of business sagacity: "One day during the past week a firm gave a check to one of their creditors for two thousand dollars, which he presented at the bank, where he was informed that it was drawn for five hundred dollars more than stood to the firm's credit. Having some little doubt of the solvency of the firm, he drew his own check for five hundred dollars and deposited it to the account of the firm, when he was promptly paid the full amount. The firm stopped payment the same day, and will pay somewhere about thirty cents on a dollar, but our friend by a little timely gumption obtained seventy-five per cent. of his claim."

Kelly Lowe, pastor of the African Church in Augusta, Georgia, was originally a slave, but his people bought him some years ago, and he is now their servant, pecuniarily as well as spiritually. They allow him a salary of $1000 per annum.

Mr. John E. Thayer, the well-known Boston banker, who died at his residence in Brookline at half past eight Tuesday morning, was the son of the late Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, D.D., of Lancaster, Massachusetts, and a lineal descendant of John Cotton, the first minister of Boston. He was fifty-four years of age. For the past thirty years he has pursued successfully the business of a banker, accumulating a very large property. His wife is the daughter of the Hon. Francis Granger of Canandaigua. Mr. Thayer, by his will, leaves a considerable amount of his property in a manner to interest the public, the details of which will be made known hereafter.

A city paper is authorized to contradict the report now circulating through the papers, that Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie is to return to the stage. Mrs. Ritchie and her husband have been spending the summer at her father's house, in Ravenswood, L. I. Mr. Ritchie will presently resume his editorial duties in Richmond.

Lola Montez is to deliver her course of lectures in Newark.

Prof. O. M. Mitchell, of the Cincinnati Observatory, is in town.

We observe that a widow in Massachusetts the other day recovered $18,000 damages against the Worcester Railroad for having killed her husband.

A large number of the citizens of Guilford, N. C., assembled at the Court House, on the 18th ult., for the purpose of considering the propriety, and of instituting some plan, by which a suitable monument might be erected to the memory of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame. Preparations were made to organize a "Greene Monument Association," and it was resolved that if Congress or the Legislature would not erect the monument, the citizens of Guilford would.

A rare case of mercantile integrity occurred in Newburyport, Massachusetts, last week. Mr. Samuel A. Eliot, of the suspended firm of C. H. Mills and Co., relinquished his splendid mansion and personal effects to his creditors, and with his family took rooms to board.

General Havelock, who has recently distinguished himself so greatly in India, is a native of Sunderland, England, and son of William Havelock, formerly a well-known ship-owner and coal-fitter. The General, after passing through a long apprenticeship to arms in the great conflicts of Northwestern India, especially in the campaigns of Sir Charles Napier, holds at present the post of Adjutant-General of the Bengal Presidency, a rank likely soon to be changed for the highest the service can afford.

Mr. David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia, had a narrow escape from death on a Southern railroad a few days ago. In getting out of the cars he fell, so near the track that the train went over his hat.

The family and children of the late Honorable Samuel Hoar, of Concord, have placed in the beautiful "Sleepy Hollow" Cemetery, in that town, a monument to his memory. It is of Quincy granite, twelve feet high.

A friend of the Hon. John Y. Mason denies that that gentleman ever laid his arm on the Empress Eugènie, and says: "I take occasion to add that, so far from Judge Mason's having ever in any way excited the displeasure of the Empress, I have the most well-founded reasons to believe that both herself and the Emperor entertain for that gentleman the most decided personal esteem.

"Not only was the Empress pleased at Mr. Buchanan's election, from the prospect it afforded of Judge Mason's continuance here; but the Emperor himself, before the whole diplomatic corps, expressed to Judge Mason his desire that he should be continued here as the representative of our country. The idea was substantially repeated, in the most emphatic manner, to an American gentleman of my acquaintance, not a month since."

Rev. Miron Winslow safely reached England by the steamer *Europa*, on his way to Madras. He writes to his friends in good health and spirits.

Two young women in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, became fascinated with the attractions of a circus which visited that place not long since, and took it into their romantic heads to go off with it, despite the earnest and repeated remonstrances of their parents. They found the tinsel a miserable life, were subject to ill treatment, found their rough companions "angry, surly, and cross," and took an opportunity to run away. In the course of their wanderings they reached Harrisburg, and thence made the best of their way home, thoroughly cured.

The Hon. Galusha A. Grow, Member of Congress from Pennsylvania, is lying quite ill in Harrisburg. He arrived at the capital on Monday to address a Republican meeting, but was unable to do so.

Colonel Thorpe, well known as the author of the "Bee Hunter," and an effective political speaker, has just been admitted to the New York bar.

RESCUE OF THREE MORE PASSENGERS OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

The Bremen bark *Laura*, Captain Wilmssen, which arrived at this port on Monday, brings the gratifying and scarcely expected intelligence of the rescue of three more persons, named Tice, Grant, and Dawson, supposed to have been lost with the ill-fated *Central America*.

For seventy-two hours after the ship went down, Mr. Tice was drifting on a plank alone, without food, and exposed to the violence of the waves, and on the fourth morning came across a swamped boat, which he succeeded in getting into. On the next day he picked up Alexander Grant, who had been floating five days on a part of the hurricane deck, and who yet retained sufficient strength to swim to the boat. The two then pulled to the fragment of the hurricane deck, and took from it the passenger J. W. Dawson, whom Grant had left behind. There had been twelve men on that part of the wreck, of whom these two were the only survivors. Among them were George Buddington, third engineer; John Bank, Patrick Carr, and James Kennetty, coal passers; —— Evers, fireman; Richard Gilbert, mess man, and four passengers, names unknown. Messrs. Tice, Dawson, and Grant were eight days without water or food, the sea making a breach over them most of the time. They are severely bruised, and exposure to the action of the salt water has produced boils all over their persons. On the second day after the disappearance of the steamer, they saw several passengers on pieces of the wreck. One of the last objects seen by Mr. Tice before the ship went down was Captain Herndon.

STATEMENT OF MR. TICE.

"I left the ship on a board just as she went down. I had no life-preserver, and had no time to get one. I saw others with them on, struggling in the water; they seemed to do but little good. The last object I saw was Captain Herndon as the ship was sinking. I have no doubt that he has perished. I drifted away from the others almost immediately, and was three days on that board, expecting every moment to be my last. On the third day I fell in with a boat, which was about half full of water. I swam to it, got in with great difficulty, and succeeded in baling out the water. I was two days in the boat when I fell in with a portion of the hurricane deck, and two men, Grant and Dawson, succeeded in getting into the boat with me. The others all perished. We floated around till the ninth day, when we were picked up by the brig *Mary*. All that time we had nothing to eat, and not a drop of fresh-water. Most of the time the sea was breaking over the boat. We suffered every thing but death. No man could describe what we endured. I think the chief engineer did his duty. I know nothing to the contrary."

SECRET SERVICE MONEY.

General Pillow having asserted that President Tyler paid half a million to secure the services of the Maine press, and that the sum came out of the secret service fund, ex-President Tyler denies the story, and says:

"I will take occasion to add that the fund, although called secret, is as public in most of its outlays as any other fund belonging to the Government. It is applicable to the many items growing out of the necessities of foreign missions and the consular establishment of the United States, which no specific appropriation could well cover. They are contingent, the very term implying their uncertainty. The expenditures for these contingencies enter into the general accounts of the Government, and are annually published, and absorb a large portion of the fund. It often happens that not a dollar is withdrawn from the fund for any confidential object of the Government. Such confidential objects sometimes intervene in our intercourse with foreign countries, and sometimes have their origin within our own limits—contingencies which it may be imprudent at the time to disclose, but which are intimately connected with the preservation of peace and quietude. Some such contingencies arose during my official residence in Washington; and I have only to add, that when I left that city I directed the agent of the fund to file away in a drawer of the State Department the vouchers for all the expenditures made under my orders out of that fund; and the day has nearly come when I shall be perfectly willing to have that drawer laid open to the inspection of any one who possesses any curiosity to look into it. Certainly he would find no item for the purchase of the newspapers of the State of Maine, or any other State; and, with a proper explanation of the objects of the expenditure, but little or nothing to disapprove of.

AN IRISH VIEW OF THE PANIC.

During the run on the Rochester banks last Saturday, a son of Erin stepped into Van Styck's, the tobacconist, and inquired the locality of the Bank. "Be jabers," says Pat, "I have seven dollars of their bills, and I am told they are not good: I want them to give me the specie for them." Van says, "My friend, you are mistaken; the bills are perfectly good, and I will give you the silver and one per cent. premium for them." "Done!" says Pat. Thereupon Van counted out the seven dollars and seven cents, Pat raked it off into his hand, looked up into the old tobacconist's face, with his Irish sticking out all over, and says he, "Mr. Van, can you tell us where I can get some more of it?"

WAKED UP UNPLEASANTLY.

Mr. A. M. Wilson, of Fayetteville, Arkansas, thus describes, in a letter to the Little Rock *Democrat*, how he was shot in his sleep: "Two of the bullets entered my right shoulder, one my left hand, and, strange to say, I was so sound asleep that I did not hear the report of the pistol or gun. I had three small sons in my room, but they did not hear the report. I supposed that in my sleep I had torn my hand against the bed-post. I waked up my sons, they lit a candle, and I discovered that my right shoulder was covered with blood. I did not feel any pain at first, but my shoulder felt benumbed, as if I had lain on it too long. I have had two of the suspected parties arrested and bound for court. They are the only persons I have had any difficulty with in the country. One of them had passed counterfeit money, and knew that I would prosecute him next court if I got sufficient testimony of his guilt. They picked the mortar out from between the logs and shot me. I was within two feet of the pistol or gun."

TREASURE TROVE IN LAKE ONTARIO.

An Oswego paper says: "An extraordinary story reaches us, which we give as we received it. When it was first told us we were fully convinced that it was a hoax, but subsequent investigation compels us to say that the statements come well authenticated, and with every appearance of truth. The report is that two men, named respectively Ward and Hall, were at work down the Lake shore, some miles from this city, getting out hoop stuff, when they discovered a small keg buried in the sand. This they dug out, and opening it, found it contained sixteen hundred silver pieces. The coins were of an ancient French cast, and of the denomination of seven-franc pieces, valued at $1 09 each. The two men with their treasure have left for Philadelphia, where they intend to exchange their coin at the mint."

PERILOUS BALLOON ASCENSION.

Professor Marion made his ascension from the National Garden, Albany, New York, at about half past four o'clock on 29th ult. Owing to previous failures and doubts whether he ever would succeed in getting away from Albany, but comparatively few went into the Garden, but a large number of people were on the free list in the streets and on the housetops adjacent. The Professor managed to get his balloon pretty nearly quite full this time. He made one attempt, however, with basket, anchor, and ballast, to ascend, but failed, and his balloon was torn by contact with the trees. The rents were at once sewn up, and, considerably excited, the Professor determined to try again. He cut loose the basket, tied the suspending ropes in a knot together, and seating himself on the knot, clinging with his hands to the ropes, away, in this critical position, he went, leaving ballast, grapnels, and every thing else behind, and rose with considerable rapidity, having for his support only the cords pendent from the balloon. It was really a fearful sight to see him clinging to the little network of cords which was alone interposed between him and certain destruction. When about two hundred feet up, in attempting to change his position, he appeared to lose his hold, and pitched head downward, as though about dashing to earth, which caused a thrill of horror to the spectators. It was at this time he lost his cap. He, however, recovered himself, and the ascension to quite a distance was grand, when the balloon took a southeasterly direction, and the last seen of it was at the hills back of Greenbush. He landed in a swamp late last evening, five miles beyond Sand Lake, having traveled fifteen miles. He was almost perished with cold, and was taken to a farmer's house, where he was kindly cared for. He returned to Albany about noon next day.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS CLOSED FOR THE SEASON.

The first snow of the season fell on the summits of the White Mountains on Wednesday morning last. A week previous the summits were covered with a frozen mist or sleet, which, at the distance, resembled snow, and was so called by the Portland papers. The houses on the summit of Mount Washington were closed on Tuesday, and the inhabitants descended on Wednesday with their chattels. The number of visitors to the summit this season was 3143—441 of whom remained over night. The amount of money received by the proprietors of the Tip-Top and Summit Houses was $4462 63. In the above computation of the number of visitors who remained over night, artists and others who spent several days upon the summit are counted only once. The closing of the Tip-Top and Summit Houses, though necessitated by the weather and the diminution of receipts, was preceded by a Sheriff's attachment upon the Summit at Mount Washington, one of the half-dozen claimants to that acre of rocks having taken legal steps to secure possession. Meanwhile, the franchises of the carriage-road have been attached, and are to be sold at auction at the Glen House on the 23d of October next, to satisfy an execution in favor of the contractors. The Jackson Iron Company have also a claim upon the road, and are taking steps to obtain satisfaction, while the claimants to the land over which it passes are furbishing up their titles, and there is prospect of a pretty general and very unremunerative course of litigation. The trouble has probably arisen from the State having granted more acres in that vicinity than there is land.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

RECRUITING FOR THE INDIAN ARMY.

The Commander-in-Chief offers a commission in the army to any young man who can raise one hundred men to serve in India. It is expected that many will avail themselves of the offer.

THE TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The *Niagara* has been hauled into the Keyham basin, preparatory to landing the submarine cable with the massive appendages of machinery. Captain Hudson has sent home a copy of a resolution of thanks from the company to the commanding and other officers of the telegraph squadron. A postscript is added to his letter, as follows: "I have just been informed by the Admiral Superintendent Sir James H. Plumridge, that he had received a telegraphic dispatch from the Admiralty not to have any of the cable landed until further orders. I can only conjecture, as the company have abundant time to manufacture another cable, that it may have been disposed of to the East India Company for laying out to India."

THE IRISH VIEW OF THE SEPOY ATROCITIES.

The Irish near Clonmel have been expressing their sense of obligation to the Sepoys by covering gateways, doors and walls, with violent appeals. On one gate, underneath two pikes, was the following: "Hurrah for Ireland—Three Cheers for the Sepoys!—Down with England's Queen and the Saxon Nation!" On another, with a similar device traced at the side: "People of Ireland—The Sepoys have set you an example!" A third place presented the words—"O'Doheny—Let us now strike for freedom!—Hurrah!—Down with the flag of England, and bad luck to the English!" In a fourth place was represented a heart pierced with a sword, and the words—"This is an Englishman's heart!" Again: "Refuse the Saxon shilling, and you will crush British power in Ireland!" "Blood! Blood!—A dog's death to the man who takes the Saxon shilling!" "Down with England, and hurrah for the Pike!—Remember Ninety-eight and Fifty-eight!" "O'Doheny—Another '98!—Boys, grind your pikes well!—Curses on the Saxon!" "John Mitchell!—Hurrah for the Sepoy, and God speed the Mutiny." "Arise, and vengeance on England." "Patriots of Ireland, here is the pike, and don't let the opportunity pass!"

A SCHOOL OF COOKERY.

An institution has been established in London for the purpose of teaching the poor to cook. It is proposed also to instruct girls desirous of becoming cooks, or to teach those already so employed; and especially to educate those qualifying as nurses in the preparation of articles of diet for the sick. The present situation of this "School of Cookery," (for that is the title) is 190 Albany Street, Regent's Park. The articles of food prepared in the kitchens are sold to the poor at little more than cost price, while regular customers can have their children taught the elements of cookery and the first principles of housewifery gratis. The laudable efforts of the society will be greatly assisted by persons ordering dishes even of the most elaborate kind for their own tables. There is a clause in the prospectus particularly addressed to the profession, and which we trust may induce practitioners to assist so praiseworthy an institution. It states that "orders from medical men will be received, and the food sent to them if required."

A TELEGRAPHIC FEAT.

A short while since, on a certain Saturday night, the folks at the Bank of England could not make the balance come right by just £100. This is a serious matter in that little establishment; not the cash, but the mistake in arithmetic; for it occasions a world of scrutiny. An error in balancing has been known to keep a delegation of clerks from each office at work sometimes through the whole night. A hue and cry was, of course, made after this £100, as if the old lady in Threadneedle Street would be in the *Gazette* for want of it. Luckily on the Sunday morning a clerk felt a suspicion of the truth dart through his mind quicker than any flash of the telegraph itself. He told the chief cashier on Monday morning that perhaps the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race—lightning against steam!—and steam with forty-eight hours' start given. Instantly the wires asked "whether such a vessel had left the harbor." "Just weighing anchor," was the answer. "Stop her," frantically shouted the electric telegraph. It was done. "Have up on deck certain boxes marked so and so; weigh them carefully." They were weighed; and one—the delinquent—was found heavier by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns than it ought to be. "Let her go," said the mysterious telegraph. The West India folks were debited with just £100 more, and the error was corrected without ever looking into the boxes or delaying the voyage by an hour. Now that is what may be called "doing business."

THE DOUGLAS JERROLD MEMORIAL.

The Jerrold Committee have published through their Chairman and Secretary the following note:

"*In Remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold.*

"The work we have carried on being now brought to a close, we beg leave, through your columns, briefly to make its result known to the public. We have first to observe that the Committee whom we represent decided in the outset to state no case, and to make no appeal or representation, beyond the line which forms the heading of the present letter. They considered that in taking this course they had a due regard both to the independence of literature and to the personal character of their deceased friend; and therefore they have never for a moment deviated from it, nor do they now depart from it. They have considered their personal responsibility a sufficient refutation of any untrue and preposterous statements that have obtained circulation as to property asserted to have been left by Mr. Jerrold, and they now merely add that, unless they had thoroughly known, and beyond all doubt assured themselves, that their exertions were needed by the dearest objects of Mr. Jerrold's love, those exertions would never have been heard of. The audited accounts show that the various performances, readings, and lectures have realized, after the payment of all expenses, a clear profit of £2000. This sum is to be expended in the purchase (through trustees) of a Government annuity for Mrs. Jerrold and her unmarried daughter, with remainder to the survivor. We are happy to add, in conclusion, that, although we have been most generously assisted on many hands, and especially by members of the musical profession, we have never consciously accepted a sacrifice that could not be afforded, and have furnished good employment and just remuneration to many deserving persons. We are, etc.,

"Charles Dickens, *Chairman*.

"Arthur Smith, *Hon. Secretary*."

FRANCE.

AN IMPERIAL RAILWAY TRAIN.

The train which the Company of the Eastern Railway has presented to the Emperor to go to and from the camp of Châlons is alike remarkable for convenience, elegance, and art. It is, in fact, quite a *chef-d'œuvre*. The following is a brief description of it:

"It consists of eight carriages, united to each other by means of bridges. The first two are arranged for the officers of the suite of the Emperor, and form several salons and cabinets. The next is a carriage destined for the kitchen and the dining-room; the latter and its furniture are of sculptured oak ornamented with gold, the seats being of embossed leather. The next is arranged as a terrace for the purpose of viewing the country; a rich balustrade in wrought iron runs round it, and the roof is supported by iron pillars. An immense corbeille of flowers occupies the middle, and is surrounded by a sofa also covered with embossed leather. Rich Beauvais tapestries are arranged with taste along the pillars. The next, which is the imperial saloon, is fitted up with great luxury. The ceilings are of a white ground, with arabesques of flowers admirably painted; the panels are of a light green; the drapery and furniture are of light-colored tapestry-work. By the side of this saloon is the boudoir of the Empress, tastefully decorated in light green. The next carriage is fitted up as two bedrooms: in the first, to the right and left, are two beds arranged in alcoves, with hangings in violet silk, and two dressing-rooms with all the necessary dependencies; the other carriage is another bedroom, also with two beds, with hangings in blue damask, and two dressing-rooms. There are two carriages, like those for the officers on duty, set apart for the ladies of the Empress. Externally and internally the train is decorated with the highest art, and all the floors are in marquetry."

IMPERIAL SPLENDOR AND RAILWAY EMBARRASSMENTS.

While the papers are full of glowing accounts of the opening of the railway from Châlons to the camp, and of the imperial train, with its sumptuous apartments, costly bronzes, Aubusson carpets, Beauvais tapestry, bed-hangings of violet damask, and boudoir decorated with tender green, the gentlemen who pay—the shareholders of the Chemin de Fer de l'Est—grumble audibly. On the 7th of July the construction of the branch was decided upon; on the 12th the works began; and on the 15th of September the line was opened. Rapid, but costly. In order to lose no time, sacrifices must be made; there was no leisure for the usual forms of expropriation, and the land was bought by private contract of the country people. Now even Champenois peasants, proverbially stupid, can drive good bargains under such circumstances. In various ways, unusual expense had to be incurred to accelerate the works. The imperial train, stated to have cost 300,000 francs, cost, in reality, half a million. All this outlay for a branch that will certainly yield nothing, and probably leave a loss on the working expenses, is not satisfactory to the shareholders, who seem to consider that they have been sold by the management of the Company for an imperial smile and a few bits of red ribbon. The affair reveals one of the unhealthy spots of the imperial court. The Emperor is surrounded by adulators, who fly to fulfill his slightest wish, and not one of whom has the courage or disinterestedness to tell him the truth. He has plenty of supple courtiers, but faithful counselors are few. Thus, he takes a fancy to have a railway to the camp, and to have it done in time to use this year. Instead of representing the objections, whose weight his good sense would certainly have admitted, those who should have done so conceal them, and set frantically to work to humor him. This is only one instance of the system of adulation that prevails; others might be cited. There is danger in it; it is the insidious poison that has led some of the greatest sovereigns astray; and it is to be hoped that the Emperor will perceive in time the nature of the pleasant, but perilous draught.

KINDNESS WELL REWARDED.

In the distribution of the sum bequeathed by the Emperor Napoleon I. to the provinces which had most suffered by foreign invasion, the sum of 50,000 francs was awarded to the department of the Loire. Last year the Council-general decided that the interest of that sum should be distributed every year in rewards to the most deserving workmen of the department employed either in agriculture or manufactures. The first prize of the *Prix Napoleon*, the name given to these rewards, was this year unanimously awarded to a young man aged twenty-one, named Bonnavion, who for the last twelve years has distinguished himself by a line of conduct which, when described at the meeting, excited the admiration of all present. This young man had for neighbor a child named Pepier, who was afflicted with a dreadful infirmity. His head and body had grown to such an enormous size that his legs would not support their weight, and if he attempted to walk or stand up he fell to the ground without the power of again rising. Bonnavion conceived a strong interest for this afflicted boy, and passed whole days in amusing him. When they arrived at the age for going to school, Bonnavion, far from abandoning his favorite, used to carry him to school on his shoulders, although to a considerable distance. At noon the child was conveyed home to his meal by his friend, and again taken back in the afternoon. When they grew up Bonnavion was obliged to commence labor in the mines, in order to assist his widowed mother, but when he came home from work he again was with his young friend. When the invalid became bedridden Bonnavion still did not desert him, but spent all his spare time at his bedside; and at length the poor boy breathed his last in his arms. It was for such conduct that Bonnavion obtained the first prize.

A MONKEY IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

The Champs Elysées during the past six years has witnessed some strange scenes. It has clanged with the martial phalanx returning from the triumphs of the East, or measuring its sword against riot, rebellion, and revolution; it has seen kings and queens and Eastern potentates from the ends of the earth; it has sparkled with millions of lamps, and witnessed the images of the mighty dead along its broad walk and sweeping thoroughfare; but recently it has had a visitor more attractive than any of these; namely, a monkey from the menagerie of the Cirque, which, escaping from its controllers, took full possession of the locality, and, like a true rebel, would listen to no terms, no parley, which had a tendency to compromise its perfect freedom. There Jocko might be seen all the day long swinging from bough to bough—now before the Crystal Palace, peeping through the windows at the gorgeous exhibition within, now leaping over the heads of the hundreds collected round the fairy theatres, listening to the siren strains of vocalists such as in no other country could be heard without a heavy toll. In vain the keepers coaxed, the children offered buns—the sturdy climber mounted the tree only to see Jocko bound off to another, or receive rough treatment for his audacity. As he became short of food, however, Jocko got furious, and descended on the cake stalls like an avalanche, and once or twice capsized some unfortunate waiter busily plying his calling at one of the *al fresco* restaurants, and carried off the precious fruits that were meant for wealthier palates. At last human forbearance could hold out no longer; the children were in terror of their lives, and the whole army of warriors declared the Champs Elysées unsafe, and poor Jocko was condemned to be shot, a Zouave performing the sentence with unerring aim.

GERMANY.

APPROACHING MEETING OF CROWNED HEADS.

The *Indépendance Belge*, in reference to the interview of the Czar and the Emperor of the French, says:

"This event, which at the present moment is occupying the minds of all Paris, will create a much more lively sensation in London and Vienna. We shall not repeat all the speculations—for the most part erroneous ones—to which this event has given rise, and some of which go so far as to predict a rupture of the alliance between France and England, and a declaration of war against Austria. Unquestionably the various incidents connected with the affair of the Principalities, are calculated to give to this meeting of the two Emperors a character which will cause displeasure in London and Vienna; but that result is quite independent of the will of the two powerful sovereigns who are going to meet on friendly terms on the neutral territory of Germany. The two Emperors can have only one object in view—namely, the strengthening of the friendly relations which have existed between the two Governments since the re-establishment of peace, without any hostile feelings to third parties. The approaching visit of Prince Albert to the camp of Châlons is a sufficient proof that in the highest quarter in England, where the intentions of the Emperor Napoleon were evidently known before they were made public, those intentions have been appreciated in the sense which we have given to them. Without being able to make a positive declaration on the subject, there is little doubt but that the Empress Eugénie will accompany the Emperor. The presence of the Empress of Russia renders this extremely probable, as the presence of Prince Gortchakoff will also, it is thought, render necessary the presence of Count Walewski."

PRUSSIA.

THE EVANGELICAL CONFERENCE.

This body is in session at Berlin. On Friday, the 11th ult., the committees visited the King at his palace at Potsdam. His Majesty provided a special train, by which means more than 900, chiefly clergymen of all sections of the Church, were conveyed to the royal Palace. It is a beautiful building, and the gardens around are laid out in the most tasteful manner. No less than six large reception-rooms were prepared for the guests, and the tables were filled with wines, fruits, and refreshments of all descriptions. The clergy and laity of different nations were arranged on the lawn according to their countries, and the King and Queen drove up through the garden to the palace, and alighted in front of the great assembly. A clear, brilliant sky, beautiful scenery around, and so many embassadors of one common Lord and Master met together to receive the welcome of his Majesty the King. His Majesty made a short speech in English, in which he expressed his deep interest in the Conference at Berlin, and earnestly trusted that it might prove a second Pentecost to the Church at large. Sir Culling Eardley replied on behalf of their English brethren, tendering to the King their most cordial and respectful thanks for his Majesty's great courtesy and Christian kindness. He rejoiced that the same Saxon blood flowed in the two nations, and felt glad at the approaching union between the two countries. The different nations were then presented to the King, who received them all most courteously, speaking a friendly word occasionally to those whom he had heard of before. There was a very large gathering of English. Meanwhile the Queen was conversing with the English ladies, who were seated on a kind of balcony. At seven o'clock the company returned by special train, highly gratified with all they had seen and heard.

AUSTRIA.

COMMERCIAL CRISIS AT VIENNA.

Letters from Vienna deplore the large number of commercial failures which had taken place in that capital and at Prague and Pesth. The large metal-working establishment at Langendorf is among the suspended concerns; its debts are said to amount to several hundred millions florins, a portion of the obligations being foreign. So many failures as at this time have not taken place since 1847 and 1848. The money market participates in the derangement, and on the 11th ult. a complete panic declared itself as it became known that the managers of the National Bank had resolved to contract the scale of their accommodation.

SPAIN.

AUDACITY OF BRIGANDS.

An account was given some time ago of the son of a wealthy gentleman of Malaga, of the name of Campos, having been carried off by one of the bands of brigands which infest the province of that name, and of a sum of 12,000 piastres (63,000 francs) having been extorted for his ransom. On the day the ransom was paid, the son, who is a mere boy, returned home, but he could not give respecting the robbers' retreat any information calculated to cause their arrest. A few days back M. Campos received two strange anonymous letters; one, appearing to come from the chief of the brigands, declared that if, within a given time, he should not publish a statement in the newspapers to the effect that his son had been restored to him without ransom, he should be put to death; the other, appearing to come from a simple member of the band, declared that if he did not at once pay the 12,000 piastres he had promised, he and all his family should be carried off and murdered. These letters cause it to be supposed that the chief of the brigands appropriated the sum paid him for the boy's ransom. The authorities are making the most active efforts to discover the retreat of the robbers.

INDIA.

PROGRESS OF THE MUTINY.

We have telegraphic advices from Calcutta to 10th August.

A detachment, composed of 350 men of Her Majesty's 10th, and 37th, and 56th Regiments, had gone in pursuit of the Dinapore mutineers. They attacked the enemy at Arrah, but were overwhelmed by numbers, and obliged to retreat, with the loss of 200 killed and wounded. General Havelock, after having advanced to within one day's march of Lucknow, had been obliged to fall back upon Cawnpore, and there to place his wounded men and captured guns in safety. Cholera had broken out among his small force. A report is mentioned to the effect that General Reed is dead, and that the ravages caused by cholera had compelled the British force to retire from Delhi to Agra. The Governor-General's body-guard had been disarmed. There had been severe actions with the rebels at Agra and at Azinghur.

THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

The following statement is received from the Government of Bombay:

"The news from Delhi is up to the 29th of July. The besieging army was attacked by the mutineers on the 14th, 18th, and 23d. The assailants were on each occasion repulsed with great loss. On the 23d our loss was small, but four officers were wounded and one killed. In the three previous engagements, on the 9th, 14th, and 18th, our total loss amounted to about 500, killed and wounded. The new Adjutant-General, Brigadier Chamberlain, was severely wounded on the 14th, but is doing well. Since the 22d there has been no fighting. The Neemuch mutineers and a body of fanatics from Tank are stated to have joined the enemy. Brigadier-General Nicholson is expected to arrive at Delhi, from the Punjab, on the 15th August, with a portion of reinforcements. His force amounts to 4200 men, of whom 1300 are Europeans. General Reed, owing to ill health, has relinquished the command, which is now held by Brigadier-General Wilson."

SCENE OF THE MASSACRE.

"Gen. Havelock's force, on the reoccupation of Cawnpore, had in eight days marched 126 miles, fought four actions with Nena Sahib's army against overwhelming odds in point of numbers, and taken 24 guns of light and heavy calibre—and that, too, in the month of July in India! On the morning of the 17th of July the force marched into Cawnpore. The soul-harrowing spectacle which there presented itself to them beggars description. The extent of the frightful catastrophe now became known. A wholesale massacre had been perpetrated by the fiend Nena Sahib. 88 officers, 190 men of Her Majesty's 84th Foot, 70 ladies, 120 women and children of Her Majesty's 32d Foot, and the whole European and Christian population of the place, including civilians, merchants, shop-keepers, engineers, pensioners, and their families, to the number of about 400 persons, were the victims of this satanic deed. The courtyard in front of the Assembly-rooms, in which Nena Sahib had held his head-quarters, and in which the women had been imprisoned, was swimming in blood. A large number of women and children, who had been 'cruelly spared after the capitulation for a worse fate than instant death,' had been barbarously slaughtered on the previous morning—the women having been stripped naked, beheaded, and thrown into a well; the children having been hurled down alive upon their butchered mothers, whose blood yet reeked on their mangled bodies. We hear of only four who escaped—a Mrs. Greenway, wife of a merchant, and three Indo-Britons. The diary of a lady is said to have been found at Cawnpore, written up to the day on which she was killed, and containing information of great importance, on which the General is acting. Neither age, sex, nor condition has been spared. Children have been compelled to eat the quivering flesh of their murdered parents, after which they were literally *torn asunder* by the laughing fiends who surrounded them. Men in many instances have been mutilated, and, before being absolutely killed, have had to gaze upon the last dishonor of their wives and daughters previous to being put to death. But really we can not describe the brutalities that have been committed; they pass the boundaries of human belief, and to dwell upon them shakes reason upon its throne."

MUTINY IN BOMBAY.

A letter from Bombay states: "We have remarked that mutiny is no longer confined to the Bengal army. The infection has reached our own presidency—our own troops. In consequence of the more scrupulous withholding of intelligence on the part of Government, the community is kept in a constant state of painful suspense, and of liability to alarm and panic. There is no good reason for this scrupulous secrecy, as the Queen's and Company's troops, the civilians and the Europeans unconnected with Government, and the loyal portion of the native community, are really strong enough to put down any attempt at insurrection. It would therefore tend greatly to the peace and quiet of the timid if Government would allow the press to receive and publish the intelligence from different parts of the presidency. We know that mutiny has broken out in the 27th Bombay Native Infantry stationed at Kolapore. The only particulars that have reached us regarding it are that a portion of the regiment mutinied on the Buckree Eed the 1st inst. When the officers were assembled in the billiard-room after mess, a Jemadar rushed in and gave them warning that the men were coming to fire on them. They immediately repaired to the place of rendezvous previously appointed; but three young officers, ignorant of the place, or bewildered in the darkness, went astray, and were taken and murdered by the mutineers. The mother of the Jemadar, an old woman, went to the house of Major Rolland, the commanding officer of the regiment, at the same time that the Jemadar went to the mess-room, to warn the ladies of their danger, and afford them an opportunity of making their escape. No sooner had the ladies effected their escape than the house was surrounded by the mutineers. Disappointed of their prey, they revenged themselves on the faithful old woman—her fidelity cost her her life."

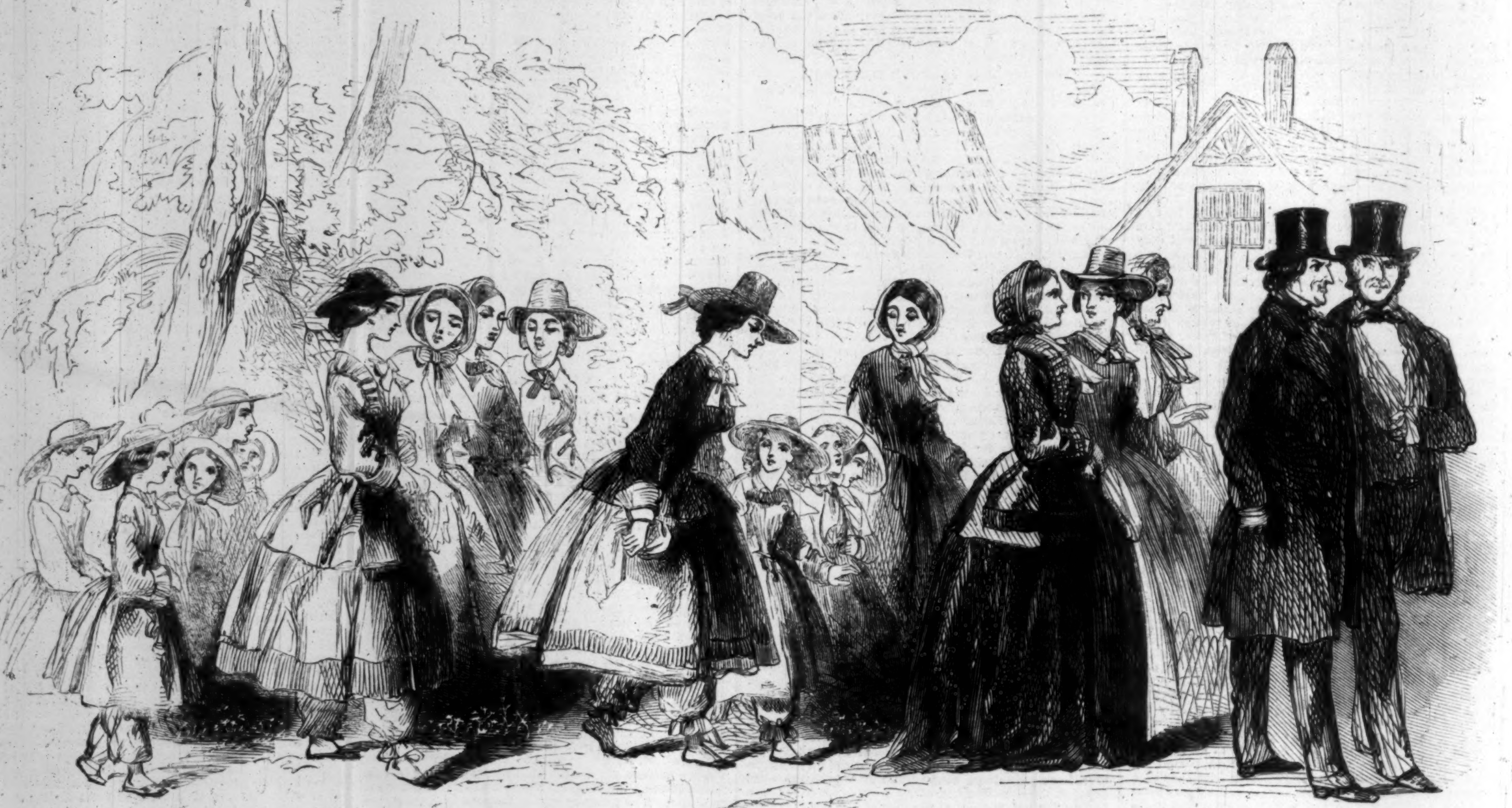
EXECUTION AT PESHAWUR.

An officer writes: "In the mean time we in Peshawur had not been idle. The whole of the deserters of the 51st Native Infantry were brought in by the Afreedies; they were tried and sentenced to death. Thirteen of the native officers and non-commissioned officers of the regiment, including the subader major, were selected for execution and hung in the presence of the troops; the rest were transported for life. When the force came in with the 55th prisoners, they were tried and convicted. Every third man was selected to be blown away from the guns. That parade was a strange scene. There were about 9000 men on parade; of these, about 4000 we knew would break out into open mutiny if they dared; 2000 others were wavering; and there were 3000 Europeans. The troops were drawn up on three sides of a square, the fourth side being occupied by ten guns. The Europeans all had their firelocks loaded, and every officer had his revolver snug. The two field batteries and the mountain guns were loaded with grape, and the port-fires lighted. The forty mutineers were in one corner of the square with irons on. The general came on parade, and was received with a salute of sixteen guns from the horse artillery. He then rode round the square and ordered the sentence to be read. The first ten of the prisoners were then lashed to the guns, the artillery officer waved his sword, you heard the roar of the guns, and above the smoke you saw legs, arms, and heads, flying in all directions. There were four of these salvoes, and at each a sort of buzz went through the whole mass of the troops, a sort of murmur of horror. Since that time we have had execution parades once or twice a week, and such is the force of habit we now think little of them. The mutineers were pretty well cowed, but still some of them tried the disrespectful dodge and did not salute officers; about half a dozen of these swells were taken to the parade, received a dozen lashes each, their property was confiscated, and they were turned out of the cantonment. Since that little affair they salute you at about a mile off.

HOW THE TROOPS WERE DISARMED.

"After this we were very quiet for some time; but, ten days ago, we found that the garrison of Fort Mackeson had been intriguing with the Hill men. So last Monday Edwardes, Broughman, and I, with two mountain train guns, 150 of Henderson's Rifles, and 150 Moultan horse, started at nine o'clock P.M., and got to Fort Mackeson at a quarter past three in the morning. I then rode into the fort, and told the commandant to have a parade—sharp—to hear an order read. The men came and fell in. I then told him to march them on to the parade outside the fort; the men hesitated a good deal, and I thought our revolvers would come into play; however, at last out they came. It was still very dark, so that they did not twig any thing until they got about 70 yards from the gate, when we heard the word of command 'Punjab Rifles—double march!' and a guard of about 25 men rushed at the gate, boned the guard there, and shut the doors. At that moment the garrison men heard on their left flank a neighing of horses, answered soon by neighing in their front; then a sort of jingling of chains was heard on the right flank, and seemed to surprise the gentlemen paraded. The dawning of day soon showed that it was caused by the mountain train, escorted by 100 Rifles. The game was now up. There was the fort in the rear, the cavalry in front and on the right flank, and the guns on the left; so they dropped their arms like hot potatoes, and gave in."

SCENES IN AN AMERICAN HAREM.



BRIGHAM YOUNG AND HIS FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.

At last one half of my journey and its object was accomplished; for, seated in a buggy drawn by four lean and weary mules, myself and companion rolled over the "benches" that surround Salt Lake Valley. There lay the city before us about which so much has been lately said and written; a sort of bogus brick-and-mortar John the Baptist, pretending to cry out of the wilderness, "The Master is coming, make ye ready!" We stopped to inquire of a little urchin the road to the store of Messrs. Livingston and Co., to whom we had letters of introduction. He coolly surveyed us all over, squirted out the juice of the tobacco he was masticating, and with the utmost gravity replied, "Waal, if yer'll take me up, I guess I'll show yer!"

Necessitas non habet leges, so we consented; arrived, introduced ourselves, and were cordially welcomed by the very gentlemanly members of that firm. Of course our first anxiety was to see the Prophet and his seraglio; for our curiosity felt much piqued to gaze at the twenty-five American women who could approve of polygamy, and love and be faithful to such an imitator of the bashaws of many tails.

"Oh," said Mr. B., of the above-named firm, "if that be all you wish, you can see some sixteen of them ride past here directly in Colonel Little's big omnibus."

You may be sure we watched for the opportunity, nor had we to wait very long; for, sure enough, in a large, awkward vehicle, drawn by a span of stout horses, sat sixteen of the wives of the prophet, priest, and king of the Mormon hierarchy.

The omnibus was large and lumbering, the driver was a bright-looking negro, and he held the reins and whip, and squared his elbows, as if driving a sulky. I peered curiously inside; there were three who had little babies with them. Some wore their hair plain, some wore ringlets. Several of them were rather old, and I thought rather ugly; but some of them were really pleasing, almost pretty. One they called Lucy—and hearing her named I looked at her more than at the others—was a really beautiful young woman, of about twenty-five; she had blue eyes, straight nose, brown hair, fair complexion, and white teeth, enhanced by a delicate tinge of rose on the cheeks. It appeared very strange to see her surrounded by such associations, and bound by such ties.

Mr. B. pointed out to me, as the vehicle passed slowly by, a rather tall, majestic-looking person, who was seated in one corner, and told me that she was a little the favorite of this horrid old sensualist. Her expression was a sadly subdued one; but, as he remarked, had her position been what every pure woman has the right to demand—the sole possessor of her husband's affections—she would have been a magnificent woman. I think he said her name was Emeline.

The slow pace of the omnibus reminded me strangely of a hearse, the serious and sad faces of the riders seemed almost like mourners, and a very small stretch of fancy conceived that they were going to the burial of their dead hopes and clay-cold hearts, while the grinning negro suggested the d—l, who might be gloating over their madness and their ruin.

I drew a long breath, while Harry whistled a shrill note, to relieve ourselves.

"Well," said I, "those sixteen women are all really the wives of Brigham Young?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Mr. B.; "and he has some nine or ten others beside."

"What are they like?" demanded Harry. "Are they as good-looking as these?"

"Something about the same; but wait till to-morrow, and I'll go with you to the Tabernacle, and I'll point them out to you as they go into meeting. It is very likely Brigham will preach."

We expressed our obligations, and waited. That Sunday seemed to me to be a very peculiar day. Every thing was completely still in the neighborhood of our boarding-house. The very air seemed asleep, and hanging in gray, misty clouds around the jagged peaks of the Wahsatch Mountains. We strolled up after breakfast toward the Mormon conventicle, and the scene was changed. A lot of rough-looking boys, who seemed half intoxicated, were shouting and laughing, rushing about on horseback near the Tithing-office, on the steps of which lolled a parcel of lazy fellows. We passed near enough to hear they were talking of having cheated some one in a horse-trade. One of the youths, riding a small but very fast gray horse, I remembered to be Brigham's son—Brigham, Jun.—whom I had spoken to on the day before.

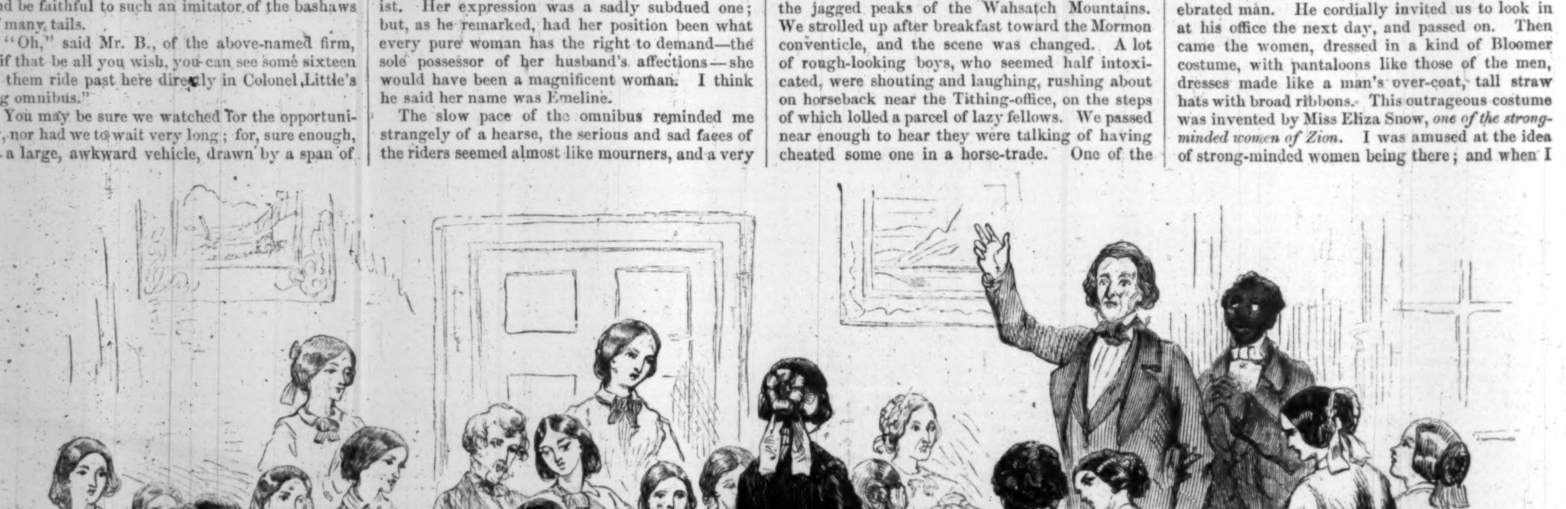
"Not very pious," muttered Harry to me, as we passed them.

"Not very sober," I added, as one of them reeled on his saddle.

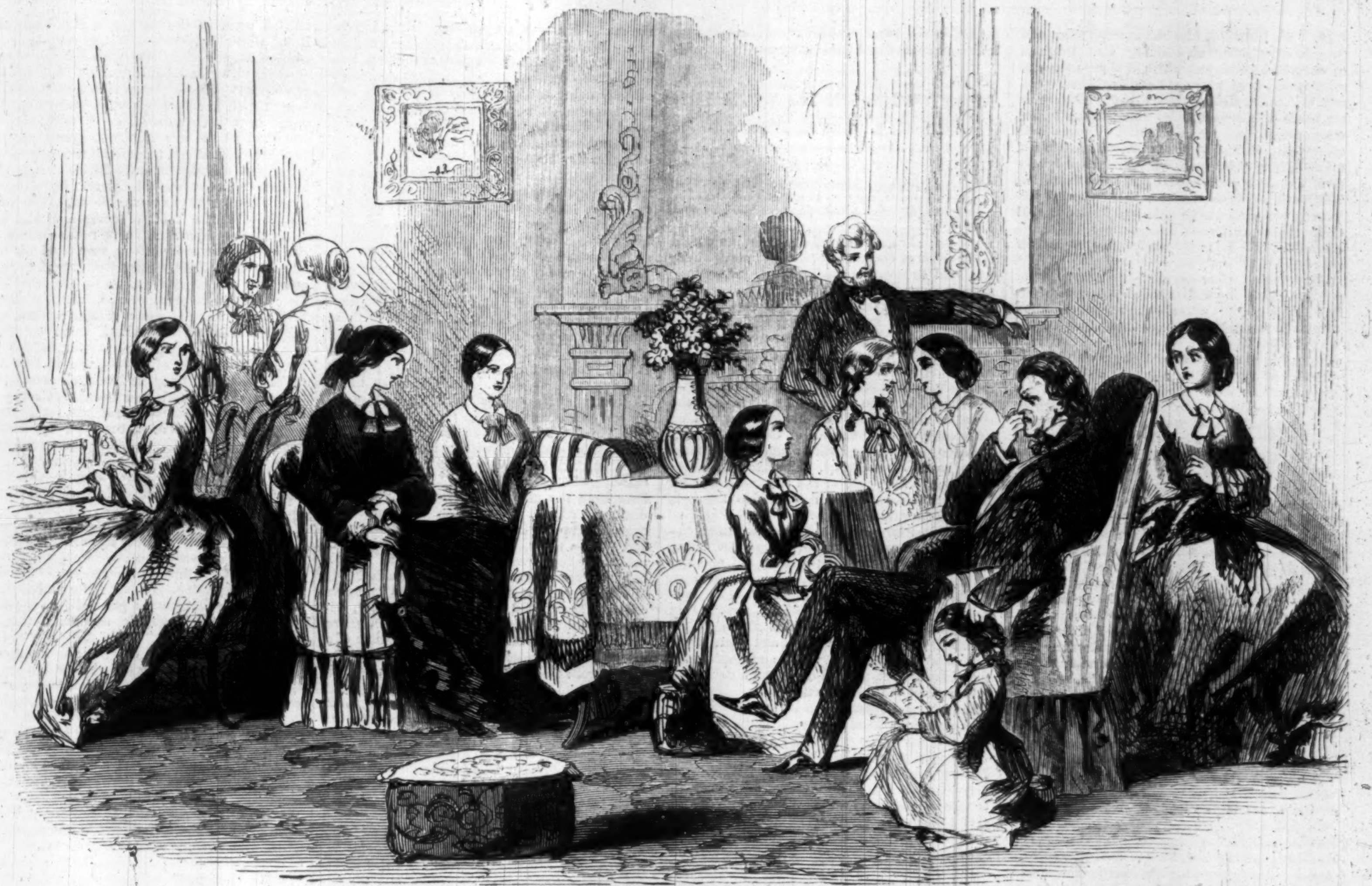
They rode off, and wagons loaded with people began to roll into the Temple block. Mr. B. nudged me as a stout, portly, good-looking man, dressed in a long green cloth coat, with black velvet cuffs and collar, passed by, and at his side a tall, large man, whose fingers were playing with a massive silver watch-guard that crossed his black velvet vest.

"That is Brigham, and the tall one is Kimball," whispered Mr. B.

I looked at the Prophet; thought him rather a jolly-looking man. His companion had twitched lips, and seemed very repulsive. As they passed by Mr. B. they stopped, and Brigham shook hands with him, and we were soon introduced to the celebrated man. He cordially invited us to look in at his office the next day, and passed on. Then came the women, dressed in a kind of Bloomer costume, with pantaloons like those of the men, dresses made like a man's over-coat, tall straw hats with broad ribbons. This outrageous costume was invented by Miss Eliza Snow, *one of the strong-minded women of Zion*. I was amused at the idea of strong-minded women being there; and when I



A DINNER AT BRIGHAM YOUNG'S.



BRIGHAM YOUNG AND HIS WIVES EN FAMILLE

saw a not good-looking person of over forty, I asked "if there were any connection between her homely face, her strong mind, her age, and her name of *Miss?*"

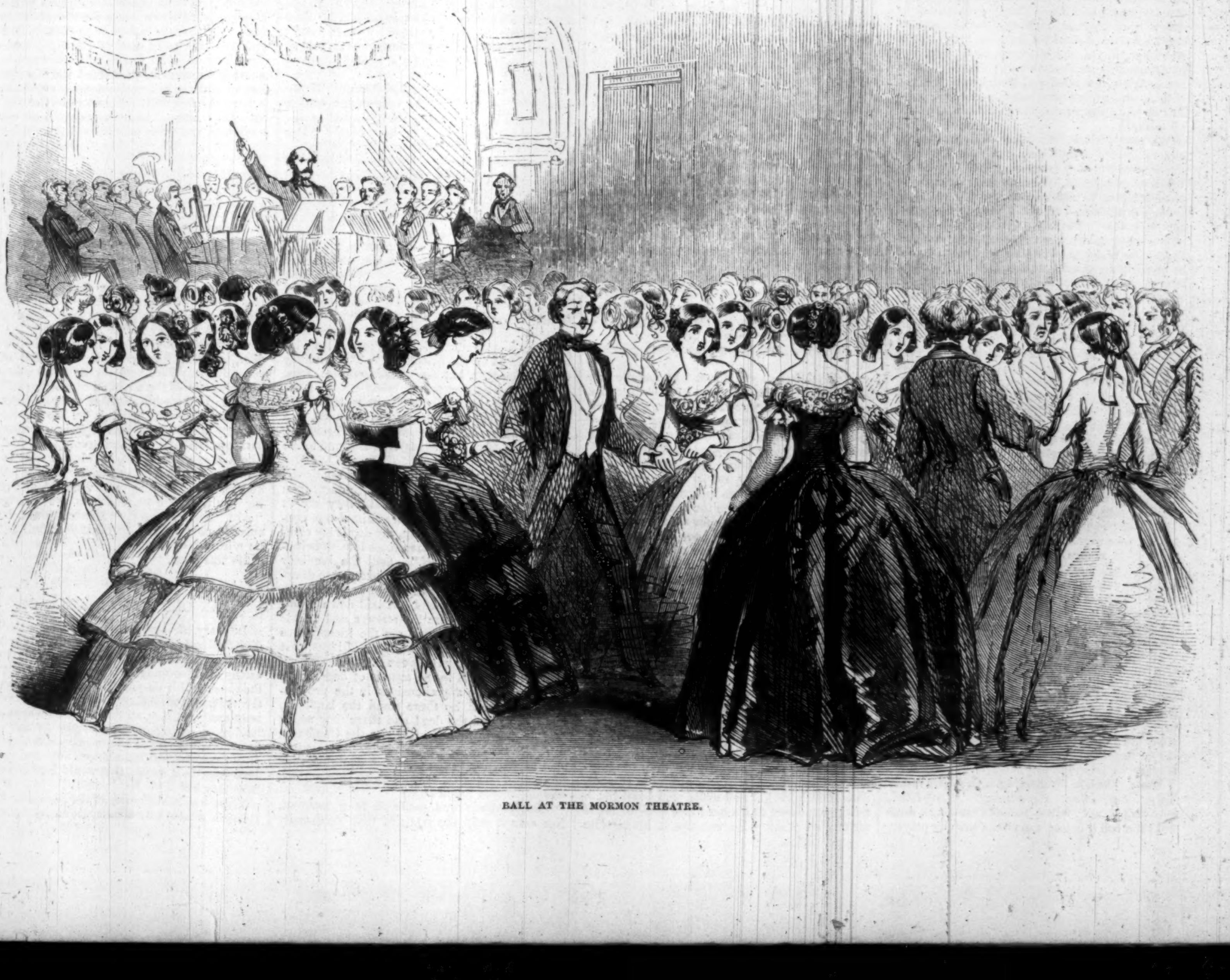
Mr. B. laughed. "No, no," said he; "she was one of Smith's wives, and now belongs to Brigham. The strong-minded women of *Utah*, instead of usurping the man's place, only give all the wives they can get to their husbands." "What a lesson for Miss Lucy Stone!" cried Harry. After a row of these guys, as their costume made them appear, came a number of little children, then some women with babies, then some women with more children. There were over a dozen women, and Brigham might have turned round, pointed to them, and, as a second Alexander Selkirk, have sung,

"I'm monarch of all I survey."

I could not listen to the sermon for looking at those wretched and deluded women, who, first enslaved by this atrocious fanaticism, were then swayed at the will of their prophet. I asked myself what new principle of mental magnetism or psychology could fully explain their submission and his power. That it was voluntary on their part there could be no doubt, for many had offered themselves to Brigham as wives and had been rejected. Ladies forgive the reflection—I thought woman must certainly be very weak-minded after all, and that Salt Lake polygamy must rob the Anglo-Saxon females of their boast of intellect, and the age of its vaunt of progress.

Next day we presented ourselves to Brigham at his office, as per invitation, and were very courteously received. The old fellow seemed in a very good humor, and we tried to make ourselves very agreeable. Pshaw! I remember how we tried to talk him out of an invitation to dinner, and a smile lurked at each corner of his mouth; for I believe he saw through our object, and was only making fun of us in his heart. However, we received the invitation as the bell rung, and, escorted by our remarkable host, we entered his long dining-hall.

He sat at the head of the table, behind him stood his negro waiter, a slave named Isaac. On one side of him sat Lady Young, a stout, pleasant-looking lady; on the other sat Emeline, whom report said was his favorite. There sat also some twenty others of his wives. Several of them had a little child seated by them. All styles of beauty were there, from the black-eyed and raven-haired houris of the old Mohammedan dreams of Paradise, to the blue eyes and auburn hair of Saxon girls. There, too, sat Joseph A. Young, Brigham's eldest son, between his wife and sweet-heart. Opposite to him was Brigham Young, Jun., a younger son of the prophet, who, though only a boy, now has a wife Catharine, and a little child, and was then busily engaged courting another lady, who also sat beside him, for the Mormon youths are very preco-



BALL AT THE MORMON THEATRE.

cious. We looked at him and at his father, and thought of, "Bring up a child," etc. Brigham stood up, took off his hat, which he always wears at other times, even while addressing the meetings, and in a clear, distinct voice asked a blessing on the bountifully-spread table. Some of his ladies, whose turn it was, for they take it by turns to do every thing, waited on the table. There was not much talking going on. Very serious and very silent did these ladies appear and I rose from that meal with the impression that Salt Lake had performed two miracles—taught the ladies to hold their tongues, and made them permit polygamy; conquered their loquacity, and extinguished their jealousy!

Quel diable de place que cela!

From the dining-hall to the drawing-room was but a few steps. It caused quite a novel sensation thus to be ushered into the sanctum of this Yankee seraglio (for Brigham is a Vermonter). Down sat Brigham in an easy chair, and his grandchild came and played by his side; his hand played in the ringlets of her hair. At his feet sat one of his ladies, Mary like, and, to judge by the swimming look of devotion with which she gazed at him, seemed happy and passionately fond of him. Others were scattered over the room. Some were discussing the merits of a new poem by Miss E. R. Snow, the "strong-minded woman who got other wives for her husband," whom I afterward learned was quite a poetess in her small Mormon way.

Joseph A. Young stood leaning against the mantle-piece, and, vulgar fellow, was picking his teeth with his penknife. His sister Alice, Brigham's oldest unmarried daughter, vigorously thumped her fat fingers on the piano, ruthlessly mangling "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

One figure marred the peaceful effect of the group, or, rather, lent the interest of strong character to it. From a pair of black eyes flashed burning glances at the petted and patted woman who, seated at Brigham's feet with her arm thrown over his knee, appeared signally favored, and, *per contra*, leaving the rest signally neglected. The volcano of a woman's furious jealousy was raging in her bosom, and its burning and seething lava seemed consuming her eyes. I read in her face far more of the secret workings of polygamy than they wished to appear to every idler who might wander through Salt Lake city. On every distorted line of her swollen nostrils, her compressed lips, her lowered eyebrows and her eyes, too hot to weep, was written the fierce agony, the gnawing heart-sickness, and the unutterable woe that every true woman must feel, and should feel, who is thus circumstanced. I'd rather be Prometheus chained to Mount Caucasus, and have a vulture continually preying on my liver, than accept the cruel destiny of that poor woman. All the waters of Mormon oblivion can not obliterate her anguish—all the fanaticism of its creed can not soothe her grief. Nature and God is stronger within her than folly and delusion.

There was a ball at the Mormon Theatre that evening, and Brigham courteously invited us to go. I told him I would willingly if he would permit his daughter to accompany me. Alice Young was engaged; but he ordered another one, a mere child, but singularly resembling her father, to accept my escort. I was curious to know who he would take to the ball with him. He turned round and gazed steadily at the dark-eyed lady, who seemed to shrink from his look. "Mary," said he, and he appeared to understand her thoughts, "you are not well to-night, you had better not go." Poor woman! I saw the tears come then; she only bowed her head and immediately left the room. Eight of Brigham's wives accompanied him to the theatre. It was only a stone's-throw from his house, so they all walked.

We paid, I think, five dollars each gentleman, and received a number on a card; as their balls are so crowded, each gentleman could only dance when his turn came. When we entered they were about dancing a "Mormon cotillion," two ladies to each gentleman. It was a very pretty sight, that ball-room. The ladies were neatly dressed in white, many of them wearing wreaths, some of them were really good-looking, and most seemed to be enjoying themselves extremely. I thought there were at least six ladies to each man, from the the fact that they were all ranged down one side of the room and the gentlemen on the other, many of whom were outside "taking a drink." I afterward found out there were only about three and a half females to each male; some danced almost every time, and others hardly danced at all. Brigham danced with each of his ladies, who were not permitted to accept an invitation from any one else till they had first danced with him, and no one was foolish enough to ask them.

As *Gentiles*, Harry and myself were the objects of especial and uncomfortable observation. Now Harry is a good-looking fellow, there is no mistake about that; and I—well, the girls in our village say—but of that no matter; still, almost all the ladies we asked to dance were either "so very fatigued," or "engaged for every set that evening;" and we, poor wretches, had either to lead out children, or old women, or else not dance at all. I took most pleasure, however, in looking at Brigham—the extraordinary vigor he lent to his saltations; had the ball been a betting ground, and he engaged to jump and skip against time, he could not have done it more lustily; and had he been winning could not have looked better pleased. Brigham and his troupe left at about twelve, and as soon as he was gone they began to dance waltzes and schottishes, as if afraid to attempt it before him. Then came our turn. Oh, those awkward girls! They made us carry them almost round. I remember my poor arm ached for a week afterward; but, however, we have often laughed at the new application of the old saw, "When the cat is away the mice will play."

Three o'clock in the morning. Orchestra rather tipsy. Music rather extraordinary. A long-faced, long-bodied, ugly fellow, named Cummings, snuffled out a call to order; and after a singular prayer, the ball was broken up; and thus ended our glimpse into the scenes of an American harem.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IX.

The Nomad, entering into civilized life, adopts its arts, shaves his poodle, and puts on a black coat. Hints at the process by which a Cast-off exalts himself into a Take-in.

At twilight they stopped at a quiet inn within eight miles of Gatesboro'. Sophy, much tired, was glad to creep to bed. Waife sat up long after her; and, in preparation for the eventful morrow, washed and shaved Sir Isaac. You would not have known the dog again; he was dazzling. Not Ulysses, rejuvenated by Pallas Athenè, could have been more changed for the better. His flanks revealed a skin most daintily mottled; his tail became leonine with an imperial tuft; his mane fell in long curls, like the beard of a Ninevite king; his boots were those of a courtier in the reign of Charles II.; his eyes looked forth in dark splendor from locks white as the driven snow. This feat performed, Waife slept the peace of the righteous, and Sir Isaac stretched on the floor beside the bed, licked his mottled flanks and shivered—"*Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*" Much marveling, Sophy the next morn beheld the dog; but before she was up Waife had paid the bill and was waiting for her on the road, impatient to start. He did not heed her exclamations, half compassionate, half admiring; he was absorbed in thought. Thus they proceeded slowly on till within two miles of the town, and then Waife turned aside, entered a wood, and there, with the aid of Sophy, put the dog upon a deliberate rehearsal of the anticipated drama. The dog was not in good spirits, but he went through his part with mechanical accuracy, though slight enthusiasm.

"He is to be relied upon, in spite of his French origin," said Waife. "All national prejudice fades before the sense of a common interest. And we shall always find more general solidity of character in a French poodle than in an English mastiff, whenever a poodle is of use to us, and a mastiff is not. But oh, waste of care! oh sacrifice of time to empty names! oh emblem of fashionable education! It never struck me before—does it not, child though thou art, strike thee now—by the necessities of our drama, this animal must be a French dog?"

"Well, grandfather?"

"And we have given him an English name! Precious result of our own scholastic training; taught at preparatory academies precisely that which avails us naught when we are to face the world! What is to be done? Unlearn him his own cognomen—teach him another name; too late, too late! We can not afford the delay."

"I don't see why he should be called any name at all. He observes your signs just as well without."

"If I had but discovered that at the beginning. Pity! Such a fine name, too! Sir Isaac! *Vanitas, vanitatum!* What desire chiefly kindles the ambitious? To create a name—perhaps bequeath a title—exalt into Sir Isaacs a progeny of Mops! And after all, it is possible (let us hope it in this instance) that a sensible young dog may learn his letters and shoulder his musket just as well though all the appellations by which humanity knows him be condensed into a pitiful monosyllable. Nevertheless (as you will find when you are older), people are obliged in practice to renounce for themselves the application of those rules which they philosophically prescribe for others. Thus, while I grant that a change of name for *that* dog is a question belonging to the policy of Ifs and Buts, commonly called the policy of Expediency, about which one may differ with others and one's own self every quarter of an hour—a change of name for me belongs to the policy of Must and Shall, viz., the policy of Necessity, against which let no dog bark, though I have known dogs howl at it! William Waife is no more; he is dead—he is buried; and even Juliet Araminta is the baseless fabric of a vision."

Sophy raised inquiringly her blue, guileless eyes.

"You see before you a man who has used up the name of Waife, and who, on entering the town of Gatesboro', becomes a sober, staid, and respectable personage, under the appellation of Chapman. You are Miss Chapman. Rugge and his exhibition 'leave not a wrack behind.'"

Sophy smiled and then sighed—the smile for her grandfather's gay spirits; wherefore the sigh? Was it that some instinct in that fresh, loyal nature revolted from the thought of these *aliases*, which, if requisite for safety, were still akin to imposture. If so, poor child, she had much yet to set right with her conscience! All I can say is, that after she had smiled she sighed. And more reasonably might a reader ask his author to subject a zephyr to the microscope than a female's sigh to analysis.

"Take the dog with you, my dear, back into the lane; I will join you in a few minutes. You are neatly dressed, and if not, would look so. I, in this old coat, have the air of a peddler, so I will change it, and enter the town of Gatesboro' in the character of—a man whom you will soon see before you. Leave those things alone, de-Isaacized Sir Isaac! Follow your mistress—go."

Sophy left the wood, and walked on slowly toward the town, with her hand pensively resting on Sir Isaac's head. In less than ten minutes she was joined by Waife, attired in respectable black; his hat and shoes well brushed; a new green shade to his eye; and with his finest air of *Père Noble*. He was now in his favorite element. He was acting—call it not imposture. Was Lord Chatham an impostor when he draped his flannels into the folds of the toga, and arrayed the curls of his wig so as to add more sublime effect to the majesty of his brow and the terrors of its nod? And certainly, considering that Waife, after all, was but a professional vagabond—considering all the turns and shifts to which he has been put for bread and salt—the wonder is, not that he is full of stage tricks and small deceptions, but that he has contrived to retain at heart so much childish simplicity. When a man for a series of years has only had his wits to live by, I say not that he is necessarily a rogue—he may be a good fellow; but you can scarcely expect his code of honor to be precisely the same as Sir Philip Sidney's. Homer expresses, through the lips of Achilles, that sublime love of truth, which, even in those remote times, was the becoming characteristic of a gentleman and a soldier. But, then, Achilles is well off during his whole life, which, though distinguished, is short. On the other hand, Ulysses, who is sorely put to it, kept out of his property in Ithaca, and, in short, living on his wits, is not the less befriended by the immaculate Pallas, because his wisdom savors somewhat of stage trick and sharp practice. And as to convenient *aliases* and white fibs, where would have been the use of his wits, if Ulysses had disdained such arts, and been magnanimously munched up by Polyphemus? Having thus touched on the epic side of Mr. Waife's character with the clemency due to human nature, but with the caution required by the interests of society, permit him to resume a "duplex course," sanctioned by ancient precedent, but not commended to modern imitation. Just as our travelers neared the town, the screech of a railway whistle resounded toward their right—a long train rushed from the jaws of a tunnel, and shot into the neighboring station.

"How lucky!" exclaimed Waife; "make haste, my dear!" Was he going to take the train? Pshaw! he was at his journey's end. He was going to mix with the throng that would soon stream through those white gates into the town; he was going to purloin the respectable appearance of a passenger by the train. And so well did he act the part of a bewildered stranger just vomited forth into unfamiliar places by one of those panting steam monsters, so artfully amidst the busy competition of nudging elbows, overbearing shoulders, and the *impedimenta* of carpet-bags, portmanteaus, babies in arms, and shin-assailing trucks, did he look round consequentially on the *qui vive*, turning his one eye now on Sophy, now on Sir Isaac, and griping his bundle to his breast as if he suspected all his neighbors to be Thugs, condottieri, and swell-mob, that in an instant fly-men, omnibus-drivers, cads, and porters, marked him for their own. "Gatesboro' Arms," "Spread Eagle," "Royal Hotel," "Saracen's Head,"—very comfortable, centre of High Street, opposite the "Town Hall,"—were shouted, bawled, whispered, or whined into his ear. "*Is* there an honest porter?" asked the Comedian, piteously. An Irishman presented himself. "And is it meself can serve your honor?"—"Take this bundle, and walk on before me to the High Street."—"Could not I take the bundle, grandfather? The man will charge so much," said the prudent Sophy. "Hush! you indeed!" said the *Père Noble*, as if addressing an exiled *Altesse royale*—"you take a bundle—Miss—Chapman!"

They soon gained the High Street. Waife examined the fronts of the various inns which they passed by, with an eye accustomed to decipher the physiognomy of hostelries. "The Saracen's Head" pleased him, though its imposing size daunted Sophy. He arrested the steps of the porter, "Follow me close," and stepped across the open threshold into the bar. The landlady herself was there, portly and imposing, with an auburn *toupet*, a silk gown, a cameo brooch, and an ample bosom.

"You have a private sitting-room, ma'am?" said the Comedian, lifting his hat. There are so many ways of lifting a hat—for instance, the way for which Louis XIV. was so renowned. But the Comedian's way on the present occasion rather resembled that of the late Duke of Beaufort—not quite royal, but as near to royalty as becomes a subject. He added, re-covering his head—"And on the first floor?". The landlady did not courtesy, but she bowed, emerged from the bar, and set foot on the broad stairs; then, looking back graciously, her eyes rested on Sir Isaac, who had stalked forth in advance, and with expansive nostrils sniffed. She hesitated. "Your dog, Sir! shall boots take it round to the stables?"

"The stables, ma'am—the stables, my dear," turning to Sophy, with a smile more ducal than the previous bow; "what would they say at home if they heard that noble animal was consigned to—stables? Ma'am, my dog is my companion, and as much accustomed to drawing-rooms as I am myself." Still the landlady paused. The dog might be accustomed to drawing-rooms, but her drawing-room was not accustomed to dogs. She had just laid down a new carpet. And such are the strange and erratic affinities in nature—such are the incongruous concatenations in the cross-stitch of ideas, that there are associations between dogs and carpets, which, if wrongful to the owners of dogs, beget no unreasonable apprehensions in the proprietors of carpets. So there stood the landlady, and there stood the dog! and there they might be standing to this day had not the Comedian dissolved the spell. "Take up my effects again," said he, turning to the porter; "doubtless they are more habituated to distinguish between dog and dog at the Royal Hotel."

The landlady was mollified in a moment. Nor was it only the rivalries that necessarily existed between the Saracen's Head and the Royal Hotel that had due weight with her. A gentleman who could not himself deign to carry even that small bundle, must be indeed a gentleman! Had he come with a portmanteau—even with a carpet-bag—the porter's service would have been no evidence of rank, but, accustomed as she was chiefly to gentlemen engaged in commercial pursuits, it was new to her experience a gentleman with effects so light and hands so aristocratically helpless. Herein were equally betokened the two attributes of birth and wealth—viz., the habit of command, and the disdain of shillings. A vague remembrance of the well-known story how a man and his dog had arrived at the Granby Hotel, at Harrogate, and been sent away roomless to the other and less patrician establishment, because, while he had a dog, he had not a servant; when, five minutes after such dismissal, came carriages and lackeys, and an imperious valet, asking for his grace the Duke of A——, who had walked on before with his dog, and who, oh everlasting thought of remorse! had been sent away to bring the other establishment into fashion!—a vague reminiscence of that story, I say, flashed upon the landlady's mind, and she exclaimed, "I only thought, Sir, you might prefer the stables; of course, it is as you please—this way, Sir. He is a fine animal, indeed, and seems mild."

"You may bring up the bundle, porter," quoth the *Père Noble*. "Take my arm, my dear; these steps are very steep."

The landlady threw open the door of a handsome sitting-room—her best: she pulled down the blinds to shut out the glare of the sun, then, retreating to the threshold, awaited further orders.

"Rest yourself, my dear," said the Actor, placing Sophy on a couch with that tender respect for sex and childhood which so especially belongs to the high-bred. "The room will do, ma'am. I will let you know later whether we shall require beds. As to dinner, I am not particular—a cutlet—a chicken—what you please—at seven o'clock. Stay, I beg your pardon for detaining you; but where does the Mayor live?"

"His private residence is a mile out of the town; but his counting-house is just above the Town Hall—to the right, Sir!"

"Name?"

"Mr. Hartopp!"

"Hartopp! Ah! to be sure, Hartopp. His political opinions, I think are (ventures at a guess) enlightened!"

Landlady. "Very much so, Sir. Mr. Hartopp is highly respected."

Waife. "The chief municipal officer of a town so thriving—fine shops and much plate-glass—must march with the times. I think I have heard that Mr. Hartopp promotes the spread of intelligence and the propagation of knowledge."

Landlady (rather puzzled). "I dare say, Sir. The Mayor takes great interest in the Gatesboro' Athenæum and Literary Institute."

Waife. "Exactly what I should have presumed from his character and station. I will detain you no longer, ma'am" (Duke of Beaufort bow). The landlady descended the stairs. Was her guest a candidate for the representation of the town at the next election? March with the times—spread of intelligence! All candidates she ever knew had that way of expressing themselves—"March" and "Spread." Not an address had parliamentary aspirant put forth to the freemen and electors of Gatesboro', but what "March" had been introduced by the candidate, and "Spread" been suggested by the committee. Still she thought that her guest, upon the whole, looked and bowed more like a member of the Upper House. Perhaps one of the amiable though occasionally prosy peers who devote the teeth of wisdom to the cracking of those very hard nuts—"How to educate the masses," "What to do with our criminals," and such like problems, upon which already have been broken so many jawbones tough as that with which Samson slew the Philistines.

"Oh, grandfather," sighed Sophy, "what are you about? We shall be ruined—you too, who are so careful not to get into debt. And what have we left to pay the people here?"

"Sir Isaac! and this!" returned the Comedian, touching his forehead. "Do not alarm yourself—stay here and repose—and don't let Sir Isaac out of the room on any account!"

He took off his hat, brushed the nap carefully with his sleeve, replaced it on his head—not jauntily aside—not like a *jeune premier*, but with equilateral brims, and in composed fashion, like a *père noble*—then, making a sign to Sir Isaac to rest quiet, he passed to the door; there he halted, and turning toward Sophy, and meeting her wistful eyes, his own eye moistened. "Ah!" he murmured, "Heaven grant I may succeed now, for if I do, then you shall indeed be a little lady!"

He was gone.

AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

In every life—even the quietest, even the least disturbed and eventful—there must surely be some little vein of romance, some golden vein in the earthy ore, if we might be permitted to trace it in the sunshine. I do not like to think that any of the thousand throbbing, hoping, fearing hearts I meet can be all clay, all indurated selfishness; the hardest, most unpromising people, for aught we know, may have acted long romances in their own proper persons, and have grown cold and passive after them to a degree that would lead one to believe they had never felt.

There was Miss Fernley of the Bankside, for instance, a maiden lady of immense antiquity, whom we used to visit when I was a little girl. She lived in a large, genteel, red-brick house, inclosed in a stiff garden, with a great iron gate guarded by grim stone lions on either side. Miss Fernley was precision and neatness personified, but her parlor was intolerably dull and gloomy; moreover, it was infested with three of the surliest cats I ever knew, and a parrot, the most vixenish of its race. I remember with awe the solemn tea-parties, to which all the children of her acquaintance were annually invited. Depression fell on my spirits as the gate clanged behind me; by the time my bonnet and cloak were taken off I was rigid; and when I was sat down on a stool, at a considerable distance from the fire, but within reach of the cats, I was petrified into stupidity for the rest of the night. Miss Fernley delighted in me accordingly; she was accustomed to say to my mother that "I was such a quiet, prettily-behaved child;" and in consequence she often sent for me to spend the afternoon on Saturday half-holiday, giving as a reason that she liked company.

Miss Fernley's parlor never underwent any change. If one of her pets died, it was replaced by another of the same sex and color. All the cats were king-cats, and gray—and they did spit sometimes! The wainscot was painted drab; the straight-backed, slender-legged chairs always stood primly up by the walls; the heavy sofa preserved its angle by the fireside as if it were fastened to the floor; and the discordant old piano was for ever open. I used to perform upon it a line and and a half of "Paddy Carey," the only tune I knew without music, every time I went. Later in life, I did the "Caliph of Bagdad," and the "Battle of Prague," to Miss Fernley's delight; and I remember her once singing to me, with the remains of a very sweet voice, "The Woodpecker tapping," and a little Spanish air.

There were two circular portraits in this room of Miss Fernley's brothers, both in uniform; the elder had been drowned at sea, and the younger killed at the battle of Talavera. She loved dearly to talk of these two brothers, when once she had begun to be confidential, and would quote a great deal of poetry in her narrative of their histories; I believe she grew to love me for the interest with which I always listened to the oft-told tales. It probably never occurred to me until some years later to think whether she were a pretty or an ugly old lady; she was tall, thin, stiff; scantily dressed in silks of a uniform cloud-color, with a lofty-crowned cap with a good many white bows; she wore a frill of fine rich lace about her neck, and ruffles at her wrists when nobody else did, and had a particularly precise and almost courtly air—I should say she was proud; and one bit of ceremony always observed by me to the day of her death was, never to sit in her presence until invited to do so. She made many remarks on the manners of her young friends, and always said that familiarity was vulgar.

The way I became acquainted with the life-romance of this gray, lonely old lady was as follows. She invited me to take up my abode at her house for a week when I was about sixteen, to be company for three madcap girls, her nieces, and daughters of the younger brother whose portrait decorated the dismal parlor. Their exuberant spirits were very trying to Miss Fernley; they outraged the cats by dressing them up in night-caps and pocket-handkerchiefs; they taught the parrot to be impertinent, broke the strings of the old piano, whistled as they went up and down stairs, and danced threesome reels in the hall, to the great scandal of the primmy old serving-man and serving-woman.

One long, wet day their pranks went beyond all bounds; they wanted to act a play in the drawing-room, and to bribe them from their intention, Miss Fernley gave them the key of a great lumber-room, and bade them go and ransack the chests of ancient apparel therein contained for amusement. Up we all accordingly went. Out upon the dusty floor, with screams of laughter, the wild girls tossed armfuls of garments of all degrees of hideousness and antiquity, startled sometimes by a moth fluttering out from the heaps, and arrested often by the sight of some article of attire more curious than the rest. One of them—Lettie, the youngest—lit upon a sack of crimson silk, and immediately cried out that she would dress up, and astonish Aunt Jeanie. Her costume, when completed, was rather incongruous; but a quaint old mirror against the wall showed her a very pretty, if fantastic figure, draped in the crimson sack, with amber-satin petticoat, and a black Spanish hat, with a plume shading down over her golden hair. Lettie Fernley was a bright-complexioned Scotch lassie; and as she walked a stately step before the glass, you might have thought her a court-beauty of fifty years ago stepped down out of a picture-frame.

Meantime the eldest sister had been pursuing her investigations into the depths of a huge black trunk, and drew forth a packet of letters tied round with a faded rose-color ribbon. "What have we here?" cried she; "a mystery, a romance; somebody's old love-letters!"

In an instant Lettie, still in the crimson sack, was down on her knees by her sister, full of vivid curiosity.

"Gently, gently," said the other, turning aside her impatient fingers; "let us consider a moment before we disturb old memories. What hand traced these discolored characters? Is the hand dust yet, or only slow and heavy with the dead weight of age?"

"Have done with your speculations, Minta, and let the letters speak for themselves," interrupted Lettie, eagerly.

Minta loosened the string, and divided the packet carefully. A piece of printed paper fell to the floor: it was a column cut from a newspaper; the story of a great battle, and an incomplete list of killed and wounded.

"Let us lay that aside till we seek a clew for it—till we see whose name on that list is connected with these letters," suggested Minta; and we all approached our heads close together to read the faded yellow pages. The first letter was written from a vicarage-house in Cumberland, and bore date half a century ago; the writer was one Francis Lucas. We had never heard the name before; but we conned the lines lingeringly and with interest, for they were such as all hearts echo to—warm, loving, tender.

"Francis Lucas, whoever you may have been, one thing is sure," said Minta, as she read: "you were a gentleman and a true knight of dames. I can picture to myself the blushing face that fifty years ago bent over these lines, and laid their sweet promises away in a heart as worthy as your own."

We paused long over that letter; for its speech was so full of life and love and hope, that we were loth to put it away among the things of the past—almost as loth as must have been the "darling mouse" to whom it was addressed: it still breathed the same old song of love and trust which is never out of date, and sounded as true as earnest passion ever does. There were seven letters with the date from that vicarage among the Cumberland Fells; the last spoke of a speedy meeting in words that thrilled all our maiden pulses.

"Oh, Francis Lucas, I hope you were happy with your 'faithful heart!'" cried Lettie. I hope you live yet in a green old age together among those wild, bleak hills!"

The next letter was written after an interval of two months, in May, 17—. Francis Lucas was then a volunteer in the army in Flanders; and his bright, glad words reflected the high courage which he knew "would make his darling love him more." Those were his words. There was but one other; it was very short, written on the eve of battle, and it was the last.

"Oh, Minta, I could weep for that 'faithful heart,'" said Lettie, with tears in her eyes. "Look at the list now; it is no longer a sealed page to us; there is his name—'Francis Lucas, killed.' There the story ends."

"But the 'dear mouse,' the 'faithful heart,' who is that?" asked Minta, turning the yellow paper over, while Lettie idly twisted the ribbon that had tied the letters together; "who can it be?" The moisture cleared from our eyes slowly; more than one great tear rolled down my cheeks.

"It is Aunt Jeanie—Aunt Jeanie!" suddenly exclaimed the second sister, who had read in silence. "You remember he says 'darling Jean' in the first letter."

"Aunt Jeanie!" echoed Lettie. "Oh, I wish we had not been so curious; it was very wrong of us!"

"But who could have thought there had ever been a love-story in her quiet life?" said Minta, "How beautiful and how nice she must have been! I dare say she might have been married over and over again."

"I am glad she was not. I shall like to think of her as Francis Lucas's 'faithful heart' better than as the richest lady in the land."

"And so shall I; and oh, Minta, how we have plagued her! Help me off with this red thing," said Lettie, pulling at the crimson sack. "It would be profanation to go to her jesting, after what we have just found out. Dear Aunt Jeanie! If she has had a faithful heart, she must have had a suffering one, too."

The door opened softly, and Miss Fernley looked in. "Children, you are so quiet, I am sure you must be in mischief," said she, in her gentle voice. She came among us, and looked over Minta's shoulder, as she sat on the floor, with all the papers scattered in her lap; stooping, she took up the strip of newspaper, and gazed at it through her spectacles. I saw her lip quiver, and her hands tremble.

"Where did you find these letters, children? You should not have opened that black trunk," said she, hastily. "Give them to me! Have you read them?"

"Yes, Aunt Jeanie," replied Lettie, penitently. The old lady took them from Minta's hand without another word, and left us to our researches; but we had seen enough for one morning, and quickly restored the old dresses to their dusty receptacles, and left them to the moths and the spiders.

When we descended to the parlor, rather subdued, and ashamed of our curiosity, we found Miss Fernley rummaging in an ancient Japan cabinet; she brought out two miniatures, and showed them to us; one was Francis Lucas, a young, gay-looking soldier, the other was herself. The latter bore a marked resemblance to Lettie, only it was softer and more refined in expression. Then she told us her love-story—how she was to have married Francis Lucas on his return from that fatal campaign, and how she had consecrated to him, in life and death, her faithful heart.

"Oh, Aunt Jeanie, I may be like you in the face, but if I were to live to be a hundred, I should never be as good or as kind as you are!" cried Lettie, as she finished. And this was the romance of old Miss Fernley's youth.

OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ.

HAWORTH, *September* 7, 1857.

ON arriving at Bradford, one of the most populous and smoky of the many populous and smoky manufacturing towns of Yorkshire, I was told that Haworth was but ten miles distant; and preferring to make the journey on foot, soon found myself beyond the suburbs of the town, and out of the suffocating influence of its smoke. The first thing to be done was to find which was the Haworth road, and to this end I made inquiries of a native respecting the locality of the Mecca of my pilgrimage — Haworth, the home of Charlotte Bronté.

"I know nowt of it," he replied, and then beckoning to some of his companions informed them that "ta young man wanted to find out more than he could tell him of himsel." So I again asked which was the road to Haworth.

"Haworth? — Haworth?" said native No. 2, doubtingly. "I doan't know nowt of it; but p'raps you mean Otley?"

No, I assured him I did not mean Otley, but Haworth, a village about ten miles from Bradford. At this they all shook their heads, and a third native suggested Skipton; but the suggestion was not received with favor. Fearing that my pronunciation of the name might not be correct, I asked if they knew of Hayworth; but they did not know Hayworth.

Perhaps they knew Hyworth? No, they were equally ignorant of Hyworth. It might be Heeworth, I suggested; but they had not the remotest idea of Heeworth. I then tried Howorth without effect, and even went so far in the list of vowel sounds as to feebly articulate Huworth. Here one of the natives who had been for some time in a deep brown study, said that p'raps the gentleman meant Horth. I said it was very probable, and the speaker adding something about Horth on the moors, I assured him that it was the place, and received directions to go two miles or more to the Bar-gate, and then turn short to the left, while one sententious native made a general observation to the effect that if a body wanted to go to Horth, why didn't a body say he wanted to go to Horth at once't and be done with it, apparently quite oblivious of the fact that the body had been trying very hard to say so for some time.

This part of Yorkshire consists of a succession of rolling hills, highly cultivated but destitute of foliage, and unpleasantly bare and naked. The different farms are divided by fences of dark stone that stretch along the hill-sides in dismal black lines, cutting them up into little squares and giving quite a sombre aspect to a landscape already sufficiently dull and dreary. The houses also add to the peculiar effect of the scene, being built of a sullen brown stone, and standing, or rather crouching, in low clusters of half a dozen each, as though they feared being left singly and alone on the exposed hills. But while this mutual propinquity destroys all idea of rural retirement, the houses are at the same time not sufficiently numerous in any one place to form a village, as each row is a mile or more distant from its next neighbor. Yet with all these unprepossessing features there is something strangely attractive in the scenery, the numerous hills and dales constantly assuming new aspects as you walk along the tortuous road. Now you catch glimpses of long narrow valleys, and the next moment find yourself quite surrounded by rising slopes of cultivated ground. Now you spy a church perched in some lonely position on a distant hill-side, or one of the rows of little cottages, before alluded to, and then glancing before you, a broad brown space among the green fields in the distance tells you that you are approaching the famous moors of Haworth. As you pass over one of those glorious dun moors, with its richly variegated carpet of flowers, a scene suddenly bursts upon you, in which Haworth forms the chief attraction, but which even without this is worthy of the highest praise.

It was toward evening that I arrived at this point, and throwing myself down on a bank of flowery heather, on the very brink of a moor over which Charlotte Bronté and her sisters had often tripped, I gazed with surprised delight upon the exquisite scene. Beneath me was a long, green valley, stretching to the east, dotted with farm-houses and churches, while at the distance of about five miles were plainly visible the smoky chimneys of the manufacturing town of Keighley. On the opposite side, the hill-slope presented a succession of cultivated fields; while a little to the west another hill projected out into the valley, which here turned a sharp angle in a southerly direction. On this hill, and about half way to the summit, lay the village of Haworth, rising up from the valley in one steep street, and crowned with the tower of the parish church. Being built of the dull brown stone so prevalent in this region, and the houses connected with each other so as to appear at the distance as one long unit of building, the whole affair looked like some huge saurian monster, who was creeping up the hill-side, with his head near the top and his tail floundering at the base. Once that toad-like monster had a precious jewel in its head, and you can yet see the casket. It is an old clumsy house, the highest in the village, and discernible for miles—Haworth Parsonage, where Charlotte Bronté lived and died.

It had been cloudy and lowering during the day, and as I admired the scene, which even under these disadvantages was truly beautiful, the sun, as he declined toward the west, threw out spears of light through a rift in the clouds, and they fell with full force upon the village of Haworth, while the surrounding country lay in deep shade. For several minutes the light lingered around the old church, and hovered over the now famous parsonage, and then died away, not to return until, in renewed glory, it would shine the next morning from the east; and this little incident seemed like an emblem of the life of the marvelous woman of that village—Charlotte Bronté.

Passing up the long, steep street of the village, I wended my way to the Black Bull Inn, the same in which poor Branwell Bronté entertained with his boyish wit so many a wearied traveler. On the way I was slightly alarmed by hearing a fearful noise directly behind me, as of the tramp of a heavy charge of cavalry. Stepping quickly to one side, to avoid the impending danger, I looked behind, and found that the much-ado-about-nothing proceeded only from a parcel of children who were following me up hill, all wearing heavy wooden clogs, which created a tremendous clatter, each little toddling infant making as much noise as a mounted dragoon. It is true that strangers now frequently visit Haworth to do homage at the shrine of departed genius, yet they are not so familiar as to avoid notice; the juvenile Haworthians seem to think that stranger is a holy name, and that its bearer should receive due attention. Consequently I was escorted in state to my inn by the entire tribe with a noise as of the tramp of a mighty army, while infantile heralds announced my advent by running before my face and crying out, "Mother, here's a man! Look at ta man!"

The next morning was Sunday, and at the parish church I heard an able discourse from Mr. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Bronté. He is a man in the prime of manhood, reserved and dignified in manners (indeed too much so to obtain a local popularity), and preaches a sound, forcible, and by no means sleepy sermon. In the afternoon he read the service, and during the singing of the hymn I observed an old man, with a preposterously big white neckcloth, burying up his face to the nose, walk feebly up the aisle, his hand shading his eyes as he slowly picked his steps. He was dressed in a black gown, and as he ascended the pulpit I knew at once that he was the venerable father of Ellis, Acton, and Currer Bell—the Rev. Mr. Bronté. He chose for his text a few verses from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and proceeded to give extempore paraphrases or explanations of each passage, using no notes whatever. I could not but be surprised with the fluency and eloquence of the language of this reverend octogenarian, and could not but feel affected by the quiet earnestness of his manner. Mr. Bronté preaches regularly once on each Sabbath, and his congregation maintain for him the strongest affection. An unfavorable impression seems to exist in America in regard to this gentleman, in consequence of the description of his personal characteristics in Mrs. Gaskell's life of his daughter, but no such impression exists among those who know him best. Though so old, he yet takes the greatest interest in passing events; and at an interview I subsequently had with him, he exhibited an acquaintance with the minutiæ of American politics that was really surprising. He is an enthusiastic admirer of our country and her institutions, and, as such, expressed himself in no measured terms.

Stopping into a little stationery store to make a few purchases, I entered into conversation with the proprietor, who has known the Brontés, and especially Charlotte, long and intimately, and is several times referred to in her memoirs; indeed Miss Bronté, in a letter to Mrs. Gaskell, mentions him as her "*one* friend in Haworth." With this gentleman I strolled over the moors behind the parsonage, along the same path over which the three sisters had so often strolled together. When the other two sisters had passed away Charlotte still came out to take her lonely walk, day after day, upon the long, cold moors. And beautiful, as well as grand, they are, indeed. Instead of the vast, desolate spaces we generally imagine, they present to view an immense slope, carpeted with the delicate purple heath-flowers, with here and there a gay buttercup varying the general tint. Dark blue bilberries grow around in abundance, and if you look closely on the ground you will see bright green patches of moss, through which spring up the spray-like leaves of the wild fern. Oftentimes the wind passing over the moor plays with the gay heather-bells, and they gently wave to and fro like nodding plumes. Far away stretch long, green valleys of cultivated fields, while beyond these are high hills, some covered with other moors, while some are variegated with fields of green grass and yellow grain. The wind in the warmest summer days is always cool, and the air fresh. No wonder, then, that the Bronté sisters loved the moors.

"I have often met Charlotte here," said my friend, "when, after the death of her sisters, she walked here alone, wrapped in meditation. She was very short-sighted, and I would step aside a few feet so as not to disturb her; but she used to say afterward that she always wanted me to speak to her when I met her thus, for one friendly word was worth more to her than the idea she might be at the moment revolving in her mind."

It was this gentleman on whom devolved the melancholy duty of informing some of her friends of her death, and the following letter, dated from Ambleside, April, 1855, was written to him by Miss Martineau on receiving the sad information:

> "SIR,—I am deeply indebted to you for your kindness in informing me of my poor friend's departure. It is seldom that I use the word 'poor,' which has now slipped from my pen; but she so loved life, her lot was so singular in surviving so many of her family, and I trust so happy at last in having formed new ties, that I did hope for longer life for her, though I often feared that it could hardly be. If you would do me the kindness to furnish me with a few particulars of her later years I should be most thankful. She had not written for so long that I do not know the name of her husband or any thing concerning her for above two years. I have often inquired but could never learn where she was living after her marriage, and knowing neither her name nor place of abode I was helpless.
>
> "You may possibly be aware that I am fast following her; I am mortally ill, and my departure is only a question of hours or months. In these circumstances, and while making my arrangements in regard to my papers, etc., perhaps I may be permitted to inquire whether my letters to C. B. have been preserved, and if they are extant I shall be thankful to have them returned to me, or, should I be gone, to my executor.
>
> * * * * * * * * *
>
> "Will you have the goodness to offer my respects and assurances to Mr. Bronté? To C. B.'s husband I really dare not send any message—so deep is my sense of his bereavement in the loss of such a woman. Vast as was her genius, and infinitely as I admired it, I honored yet more her integrity and unspoiled uprightness, simplicity, and sense. She was a noble woman, such as society ill can spare.
>
> "I am, Sir, truly your obliged
>
> "H. MARTINEAU."

Haworth is now frequently visited by strangers, who come to see the humble tomb of the greatest female author of the century. The Duke of Devonshire was here the other day, and several Americans have found their way to this retired village; and there can be no doubt that the tomb of Charlotte Bronté will become one of those "Meccas of the mind" to which all true admirers of genius must make a pilgrimage.

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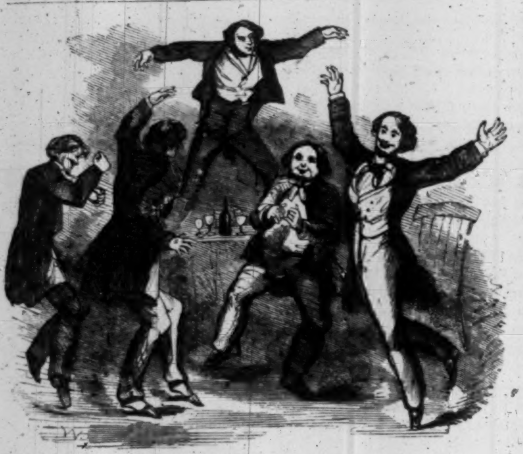


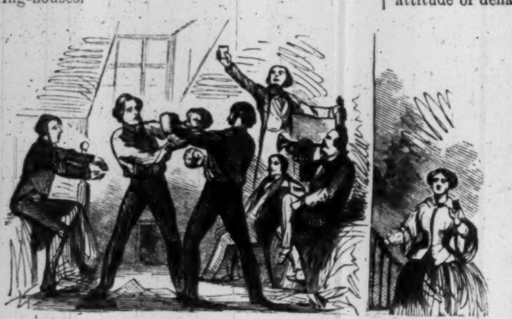
THE JOLLY BOARDING-HOUSE.

WANTED—A BOARDING-HOUSE.*

MR. THOMAS BUTLER GUNN has lately attempted, with creditable success, to fill a void in our descriptive literature by writing a "Physiology of New York Boarding-Houses." The topic is ample; the audience equally so. The Boarding-house is one of the most striking institutions of this metropolitan city, and every body has had, has, or will have, an interest in their physiology.

Mr. Gunn divides his boarding-houses into several categories, distinguished by adjectives, as the private, the fashionable, the dirty, the serious, the theatrical, the mean, the cheap, the tip-top, the drinking, etc., etc.; and again by nationalities, as the Bostonian, the Southern, the English, the French, the German, the Irish, and the Chinese, anatomizing each with elaborate care. This classification is amusingly carried out; every reader will recognize old acquaintances in the establishments sketched under the various heads. But as there is no individual whose character can be sketched by a single epithet, so there is no boarding-house whose portrait might not have been properly given under several heads. Some of the fashionable boarding-houses are also mean, most of the cheap are not addicted to the Maine Law, all the French are theatrical, and the Irish are dirty.

As a general rule, a young man arriving in New York to seek his fortune—as most of our leading men have done—goes through a course of boarding-houses.

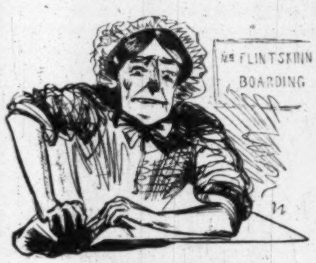


AN ARTIST'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

His first experience is in a cheap house, probably kept by a lady of German or Down-East nativity. He has a hall bedroom furnished with a shelf facetiously called a bed, an oblong table two feet long, two chairs, and a spittoon. He looks out upon a forest of dirty brown tiles. His bed lacks blankets; the sheets are pieced and torn; one of the chairs is unsound. Meals in such a house are funereal ceremonies. The staple food is tough steak sawed into fragments by the landlady; this is eaten in solemn silence, in mourning for the meal. A boarder who speaks, save to Biddy, is instantly frowned upon by the Southern gent in the shipping line, stared at by the Western gent in the pork business, and emphatically put down by severe glances from the lady, whose husband is in California—the girls, who are cousins of the landlady—and the poor boarder, who is known as having lived sixteen years in the house, and who looks like it. Breakfast is composed of steak, warm water with a flavor of bad coffee hovering over it, chunks of unleavened bread, and butter which is half-way cheese. Dinner is steak, as before, veal or roast beef, the latter in such extraordinary cuts that one is forced to the conclusion that a deformed ox has been sacrificed for the repast, pie—eaten with a knife and cheese, but no fork—and perhaps a cup of tepid water discolored with tea-leaves and chalk.

After tea (which meal need not be described) there is an awful meeting of the boarders in the "drawing-room." The young man from the country tries to make the party sociable, but is severely put down by the combined force of the establishment. The ladies enjoy a little private conversation, apparently unfit for male ears; the men talk money, stocks, and dry goods at the other end of the room. But half an hour of this entertainment suffices; the parties soon adjourn to their respective rooms, and meet no more that day.

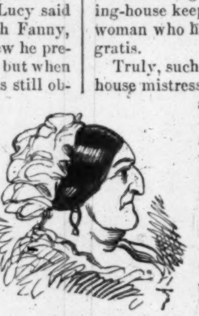
The mistress of this house is an awful personage. This writer believes that it would be unsafe for a defaulting boarder to spend ten minutes with her in private if the door were locked. She would Burdell him. Scarcely less perilous is it to appeal to her in mitigation of the dinners or the chamber service. A remark to the effect that one towel a fortnight is short allowance, has been known to bring on a scene of the most frightful character. A boarder who expostulated with her on the steak question was instantly told he was a "mean feller," and he'd "best clear out." Indeed, any remark from the occupant of a hall bedroom is usually resented by this class of lady. In her opinion, such persons have no clear right to exist, much less to talk.



AN IRISH LANDLADY.

When the new-comer becomes disgusted with the cheap boarding-house, he usually moves to a higher establishment, somewhere between Bleecker and Fourteenth streets. This is not strictly a cheap house; he pays, for a small room and partial board, say seven dollars a week. He is lodged very high up. The bed is hard, but adequately furnished with blankets; the room is clean. Biddy often wears shoes and stockings, and occasionally washes herself. The meals are wholesome; steak is not served more than once a day; chops have been known to appear at breakfast, likewise fish. The mistress does not invariably assume an attitude of defiance when spoken to by a boarder. She has been known to be sympathetic, and even tender.

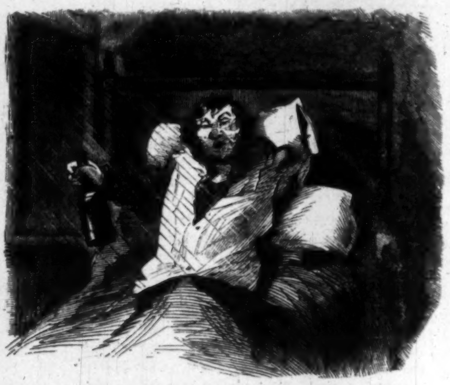
The law of this establishment is that you must make love to some one in it. Five young ladies—all eligible, so far as looks and morals are concerned—keep a standing net floating from the windows. Some of them are the landlady's daughters; others are boarders, and the business of their life is to expose the wiles by which the "boarding-house woman tries to get her daughters off." But they are all fast friends as against a bachelor who refuses to flirt, or at least to take them to the opera. A stout-hearted man, in a house of this kind, once tried to avoid the entangling acquaintance of "the ladies." They cajoled him, they ogled him, they talked at him; when he went to his room in the evening he found two of them there mending his shirts; Lucy said in his hearing that he was smitten with Fanny, who, with a laugh, avowed that she knew he preferred Emma, who gave him up to Mary; but when this had gone on for a month, and he was still obdurate, they cut him dead, filled his bed with peanut-shells, cribbed his towels, hid his tooth-brush in his boots, forgot to help him at table, and persecuted him in so many ingenious ways, that the poor wretch dreamed he was served up at dinner for the young ladies' lunch, and incontinently fled.



AN UP-TOWN LANDLADY.

When our young man—having either fled in this manner, or escaped the doom of an engagement with his landlady's daughter—has emancipated himself from the middle-class boarding-house, he will, if his means have increased, betake himself to a first-class establishment. Here his world will change.

The landlady is a stern personage with an aquiline nose, who is descended from an ancient Knickerbocker family. She regrets to hear that the Snooks have been received into society, in consequence of their moving to the Avenue; and observes that she remembers Snooks waiting in the basement to see her father. She is very severe upon the Miss Smiths for their levity of deportment, and illustrates her sentiment by remarking that when the Miss Browns, who once lived with her, were found on the balcony at a quarter past eleven with a young man, they were notified next day that their rooms were wanted. Not that this worthy woman is a Puritan. Mrs. Periwig, who has been a boarder of hers for years, and who is troubled with a jealous husband, frequently receives visits in the landlady's private parlor, whose door is inexorably closed to poor P——.



THE BOARDING-HOUSE WHERE THEY DRINK.

The boarders in this house are composed of two classes—the sociable and the unsociable. The sociables consist of the ladies who are not in society, and who therefore admit the existence of the gentlemen boarders; the unsociables, who are divided into several sets, consist of persons of both sexes whose station in life debars them from a knowledge of the existence of their fellow-boarders. Some of these last are of high descent; they live in a boarding-house while their mansion is being made ready, that is, earned and paid for. Add to these some exclusive young gentlemen—usually foreigners—who don't want to be bored "with the people of the house," and you have an idea of the unsociables of the first-class boarding-house.

This house is conducted on "gentlemanly principles," which means that you may live in it for some time without paying your bill. Our young man, who pays $12 a week for a very diminutive room, discovers before he has been long in the house that he pays not only for himself, but likewise for several other boarders, who sponge upon the landlady.

For the first-class boarding-house is naturally the resort of the higher order of *chevaliers d'industrie*. Those lazy, good-for-nothing scoundrels, who do nothing for a living, or hang on the skirts of a profession or trade in order to call themselves by some professional title, who spend all the money they get on their dress, and pursue a systematic course of robbery, swindling, and lying, are not as plentiful in New York as in the great European cities; but there are some of them here, and they are generally to be found in first-class boarding-houses. They are, when they first arrive, the lions of the establishment. They dress well; they talk well; they amuse the ladies; they go into a sort of society; they know the names of people in the world; they have contingent remainders in Ireland, fat expectations in Germany, proximate successions in Louisiana. They pay their first bill, including wine; and that is the last the landlady ever sees of their money. Her next appeal for money is cavalierly set aside; the next met by an allusion to a remittance which has gone astray; the next by an insolent menace; and the dignity of the *chevalier* obliges him to cut his importunate creditor the week afterward. But he does not leave the house. A man of his sort can not suit himself in a day. It takes him a week to find another boarding-house; meanwhile he feasts at his victim's expense, and heads an opposition against her. He remarks upon the insufficiency of the dinner; he denounces the Worcestershire as spurious; he draws attention to the poor quality of the beef; he asks for pudding in order to leave it on his plate with a faugh! of disgust; he makes the company roar at the blunders in which he detects the waiters; he moralizes of an evening on the proverbial rapacity of boarding-house keepers. This is his revenge on the poor woman who has ventured to object to keeping him gratis.

Truly, such creatures make us forgive boarding-house mistresses for the faults which are proverbial among them. If they are rapacious—and many of them certainly are—are they not victims of rapacity? If they are mean—and from this fault it were hard to excuse them—what meaner thing than the conduct of many with whom they deal? If they are querulous, captious, vexatious, whose temper could be sweet under the provocations they must encounter?

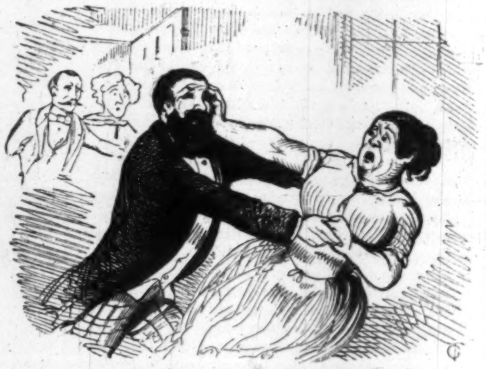
Think, too, of the monstrous cruelty of female lodgers in boarding-houses. Think of the feminine dexterity with which they will contrive to detect the tender spot in their landlady's cuticle, and wound her exactly there as often as the spirit of mischief seizes them! Think of the numberless little slights in word and act which they can and do inflict, without any male person ever perceiving them! For, mark you, women living in boarding-houses live in the belief that they are victimized and outraged creatures, and that the landlady is the tyrant set over them; no amount of kindness or attention will eradicate this belief from their mind; they enter the boarding-house prepared to be maltreated, and they will not be cheated out of their maltreatment. They discount it in advance; they read it in the regulations of the house, in the arrangement of their room, in the diet, in the behavior of the servants, in the looks of the landlady, in the very handwriting of the bill. And they take vengeance accordingly, with such ingenious skill that one could not wish one's worst enemy a more bitter fate than to keep a boarding-house for ladies.

It is rare sport to watch a fair fight between a female lodger and an experienced boarding-house keeper. When Mrs. Brown of the great up-town boarding-house declared war against her lodger, Mrs. Smifflin, the first strategical movement was a flank march of the latter upon the pantry, in which Mrs. B. was discovered compounding "choice peach preserve" out of remnants at the bottom of old jars. Flushed with her discovery, Mrs. S. communicated it to the other lodgers, who arranged a plan of action. At the breakfast-table, Mrs. S., in her silveriest tones, asked for "some of that very nice peach preserve which she didn't perceive on the table!"

Mrs. Brown was silent a moment, and a titter ran through the company.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Smifflin," said she at last, with a quiet smile, "but your little boy got at it last night and finished the jar."

This turned the laugh into a roar, and when Mrs. Brown added, in her cutting way, "I hope it won't make the poor fellow sick!" Mrs. S. dashed from the room. Vanquished this time, she returned to the attack, and organized a very powerful opposition to the landlady. They did the washing in the house at Mrs. Brown's; and one day Mrs. S. collected the lady lodgers in her room to bear witness of the disgraceful manner in which "her things were burned." They were all chorusing Shame! when the door was flung open; a maid appeared, handed in some article of lady's under-clothing, and said to Mrs. Smifflin,

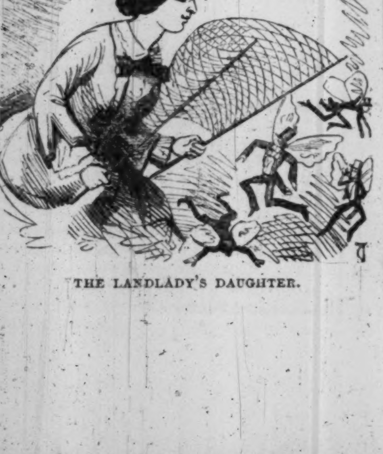


A FRENCH BOARDING-HOUSE.

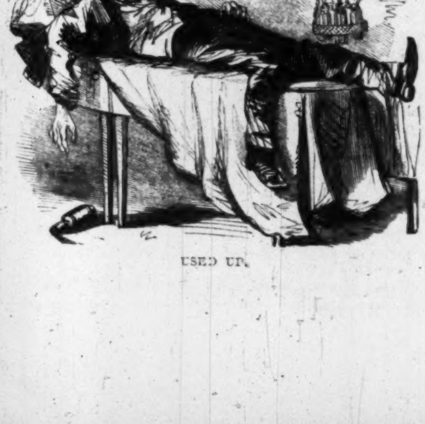
"Please m'm, missis wants to know if this be yours; it's marked Julia P. Stone."

This was a crusher, for Mrs. S. in former days had been engaged to a Mr. Stone, and, it seems, had presumed so far upon the engagement as to mark her clothes with her new name. She left the house directly.

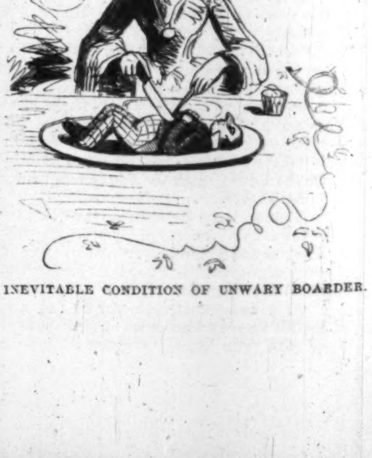
Men live in boarding-houses till they combine common sense and pecuniary means. Indeed, experience proves that boarding-house life is favorable to matrimony; when the only serious change produced in a man's establishment by marriage is the addition of an extra towel, and a second tooth-brush to the wash-stand, who would want to remain an old bachelor? Henry, who is smitten with Lucy, proposes, is accepted, and is married, whereupon ensue the following changes. Lucy moves out of her hall bedroom, adjoining that of her mother; Henry in like manner evacuates the hall bedroom opposite: both occupy a square room two pair front; and Henry henceforth pays Lucy's board bill, instead of her father. Nothing more. This may be considered reducing matrimony to its simplest elements.



THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.



USED UP.



INEVITABLE CONDITION OF UNWARY BOARDER.

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* THE PHYSIOLOGY OF NEW YORK BOARDING-HOUSES, by *T. Butler Gunn*, with Illustrations by Bellew, A. R. Ward, and the Author. New York: Mason Brothers.

DON IGNACIO COMONFORT,

PRESIDENT OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC.

WE present below a portrait and sketch of the distinguished statesman and general, Comonfort, President of Mexico. The portrait is taken from a photograph in Brady's Gallery, where it is deposited by the gentleman to whom it was presented by the General.

The career of this illustrious Mexican has attracted much attention of late, both in the United States and in Europe, while his own country is destined to receive an impress from his acts of patriotism and devotion to her service which will place him foremost on the list of benefactors of Mexico.

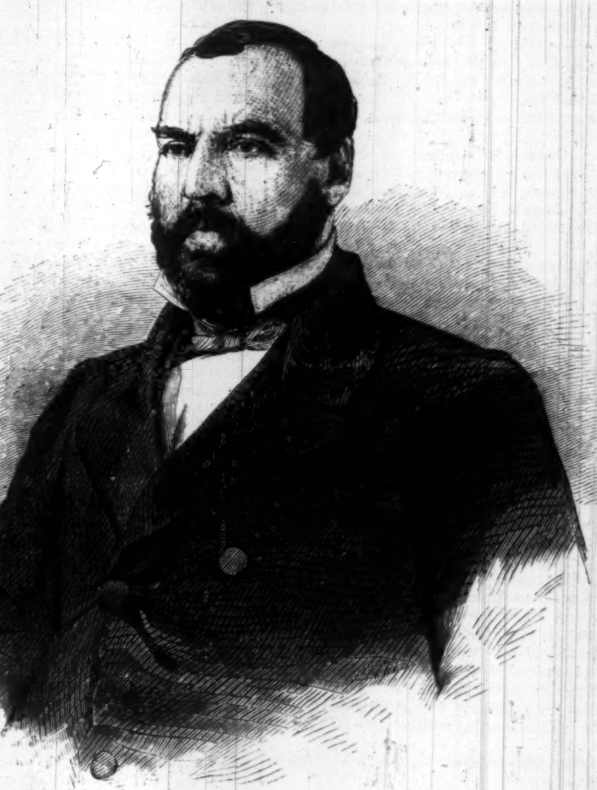
Don Ignacio Comonfort was born in the beautiful city of Puebla, on the 12th of March, 1812. Educated with care in the same city, under the instruction of able professors, he commenced his public career at an early age, with the reputation of a young man of agreeable, accomplished manners, fine abilities, and scholarship. His father, Colonel Don Mariano Comonfort, was a gentlemen of high standing, and of one of the most distinguished families of Puebla; but having died when his son was just entering into manhood, Don Ignacio had the cares of a large estate thrown upon him, which required his immediate attention. Yet he did not hesitate to take part in the struggle for liberal principles and to join in the movement to establish republican institutions on a firm basis. As early as 1832 he became a captain of cavalry, and fought in the battle of San Augustin del Palmar, assisting also in the capture of his native city of Puebla. He was soon after at the siege of Mexico, and in the actions of Tacubaya, Casas Blancas, Zumpango, and San Lorenzo. Thus, while yet a mere boy, he gained distinction as a scholar and soldier, and established a character for himself without the adventitious aid of friends. In the next year (1833) we find him occupied in the defense of Puebla, and also in the subsequent year.

Comonfort, in 1838, was honored with the appointment of Prefect and military commandant of the *Prefectura* of Tlapa, and for his important services there he was created a lieutenant-colonel. While thus engaged, he was elected a member of Congress in 1842, which office he held for some time, and again returned to his former post in Tlapa, when he was promoted to a full coloneley. Being elected in 1845 to Congress, he purchased an estate in the vicinity of the city of Mexico, with the intention of retiring from public life, but the design of General Paredes to establish a monarchy induced Comonfort to forego his private wishes, and he took part in the defeat of that General's machinations. Comonfort was thereupon elected Third Alcalde of the capital, and afterward, at the urgent solicitation of friends, resigned that office to become Prefect of the West of the State of Mexico: this office he relinquished a few months after upon his election for the third time to Congress. The war with the United States in 1846 and '47 once more called him to the field, and as a soldier he responded to the call of his country. Fighting bravely in the valley, he was present and participated in all the actions except the Battle of Contreras (Padierna). After Santa Anna retired and dissolved the army, leaving the capital open to the Americans, Comonfort returned as Prefect of the West and commenced organizing guerrillas with which to commence another campaign.

From these military duties, however, he was recalled to take his seat in Congress, then assembled at Querétaro, where a treaty of peace was being concluded with the Americans. He was at this time elected a senator from the State of Puebla, and subsequently re-elected. The newly-created State of Guerrero, to the south of Mexico and Puebla, desired that Comonfort should become their representative, and accordingly, in 1851, he was elected to Congress from that State. The reforms demanded in the public finances at this period required that some gentleman of talents, experience, and probity should be especially charged with the supervision and important alterations in the Custom-houses. For this arduous and delicate duty Comonfort was selected. He was first appointed Visitor and Administrator of the Port of Acapulco, and afterward transferred to the Custom-house of Mazatlan. It was proposed to extend his labors to the city of Vera Cruz; but this he declined for various reasons. Comonfort was again ordered to Acapulco, and while there, in 1853, Santa Anna returned to power upon the overthrow of the Constitution.

The return of Santa Anna from exile to supreme power was the effect of an intrigue in which public opinion was not consulted, and which the Mexican nation witnessed in profound disgust. The political principles of Santa Anna, or, to speak correctly, the want of all principle in him, had long before estranged Comonfort from his side. To quarrel, therefore, with Comonfort was Santa Anna's first object, in order to remove him from public employment. Nor was Comonfort averse to a quarrel, as he had resolved, in conjunction with General Alvarez, to hurl the tyrant from his seat. While Comonfort was anxious for the prosperity of his country, Santa Anna was only meditating self-aggrandizement and sordid plunder from amidst the ruins of his impoverished native land. The first duty of every patriot was to crush the despot, and to that object Comonfort devoted his fame, his life, and his fortune.

The world now knows the result of the struggle that followed. Santa Anna attacked Acapulco, which Comonfort heroically defended with great disparity of means and resources. The courage and skill of the besieged foiled the efforts of the tyrant, and in despair he resorted to the base proposal of a bribe, which Comonfort spurned with contempt. Santa Anna was repulsed, he retreated in disorder, and was routed in overwhelming disaster. But Comonfort found his resources exhausted even in the hour of victory, with all the captured camp material and equipage of his routed enemy in his possession. To collect means wherewith to carry on the war, therefore, he repaired to New York, where he was enabled to replenish his exhausted stores. After spending several months in this city he returned to Acapulco, opened in person a brilliant campaign against Santa Anna, fought various sanguinary and victorious battles, and finally compelled the despot, in 1855, to abdicate and depart into exile. Comonfort soon after, by acclamation, became Provisional President of the Republic, to which exalted station he has recently been re-elected with great unanimity and to the entire satisfaction of the Mexican nation.



De V. amigo [illegible]
q. b. s. m.
Y. Comonfort

Comonfort was for a moment unprepared for the revolt in the army, and, consequently, for the armed resistance of the Church. But relying on public opinion to sustain him, and the liberality of patriotism for support, he soon was enabled by his energy, courage, and superior skill, to crush the formidable coalition. He promptly attacked their stronghold of Puebla, and carried the city by storm; instantly reduced the officers to the ranks as common soldiers, and confiscated some of the hoarded wealth of the Church to pay for the rashness of the monks, and to pension the families of the killed and wounded. The clemency of Comonfort was no less conspicuous than his courage had been, after the strife of arms was past. He pardoned all who implored his mercy, and declined the honors which a gratified people wished to bestow upon him. A laurel wreath, fit for a hero's brow, was presented to him; but he gracefully, and with much emotion, laid it upon the tomb of Avollos, a general who had just fallen in battle at his side.

Rapidly augmenting the National Guard—the volunteer soldiery of the cities—the regular army was no longer formidable, while public opinion was with him and with his military prestige, which was invincible. This being done, Comonfort resolved to crush the temporal power of the Church forever, while he held as sacred all that pertained to its spiritual attributes. Already had he swept off the overshadowing privileges of the clergy, and he now, by a decree, ordered the immediate sale of all their landed estate, rural and urban, declaring that so long as this land was in mortmain the prosperity of the country would be paralyzed. Unawed by the clamor of the monks, and threatening exile to the priest who should hurl at him the thunders of excommunication, he had the proud satisfaction to find his measures popular with the people, and sustained by the wisest and best men of Mexico. But another sanguinary revolt, instituted by the clergy, ensued, which, after a bloody conflict, was again crushed: and thus has terminated one of the most memorable changes in the institutions of that country.

It only rests with us to add a few words as to his personal characteristics. Being in the prime of life, in robust health, of a large and commanding figure, with amiability and mildness of manners, winning, and at all times agreeable, he possesses much personal popularity beyond his great achievements. In military council he is careful, slow, attentive to every suggestion from every quarter, and laborious withal to learn whatever can be learned. In action he has much of the English "dash"—all energy, intrepidity, and headlong impetuosity. In every battle he has been under the heaviest fire; and in every assault and storming-party he has led in person. Those who have seen him only in council can not realize his intrepidity in battle; and those who have been only at his side in battle distrust his reputed calmness in council. But he has never blundered in a plan of action, nor has he ever been repulsed in leading an assault. It is remarkable that his campaigns have been conducted against the best disciplined troops, commanded by the most renowned generals, and supported, moreover, by the best material and resources; and it is equally remarkable that his victories have been at the times when his fortunes were supposed to be the most desperate. One secret of this was, that he never underrated his adversary, nor the perils of his own position; neither does he overestimate his opponent, and undervalue his own advantages. His most brilliant achievements were in the campaigns against Santa Anna, whose reputation is almost world-wide, and yet Comonfort did not hesitate to open a campaign with vast odds and disproportionate means against him. Santa Anna spoke contemptuously of him, while Comonfort silently meditated, and in secret organized measures to ignominiously rout his opponent, whose bad combinations disclosed, amidst disaster, that he did not comprehend even the first principles of the art of war. But Comonfort did even more; for, with full knowledge of a military axiom to the contrary, he ventured to trust to the blunders of Santa Anna, and made some of his combinations on that basis. The result proved that his estimate of Santa Anna was correct, in a trumpet-tongue more contemptuous and complete than words could express.

And why should not Comonfort, the young, who had never lost a battle, freely venture to measure the military genius of Santa Anna, the veteran of sixty, who had never gained one? True, Santa Anna had never failed in a revolution of his own creation; but Comonfort has neither failed in battle, nor in revolution by him, nor in revolution against him. He has done all that Santa Anna could do, and has achieved all that Santa Anna failed to accomplish. Above all, he has disgracefully defeated Santa Anna in two campaigns.

An officer of the American army, writing from California, says: "I have seen something of General Comonfort under difficulties. The stuff is in him to make a great commander. Had he been in Napoleon's army he certainly would have satisfied the Emperor's first inquiry, viz., 'Is he lucky?' Comonfort's luck is prodigious. No adversary can ever trip or blunder without his making the most of it. Every general and statesman that has opposed him has had the worst of it; and the great things which he has done with such insignificant means look like if it were all luck—almost a miracle. But those who know him well, know that it is his great ability to make the most of circumstances as they arise."

In the cabinet, Comonfort is not only cautious but secret and even silent, in measures of greatest moment, as to his intentions. Thus when maturing his greatest reforms, leading members of Congress interrogated him as to his policy; and when he was reserved, sent committee after committee of friends to learn his intentions, claiming the right to know. To all he replied that they should learn at the proper time. Their indignation did not discompose him; nor did their denunciations, although prejudicial, cause him to swerve from his course. When his generals urged him to drive out Congress at the point of the bayonet rather than have its clamor, Comonfort made no reply. It is now known that he bitterly deplored the ill-timed interference of the Liberal party, which at one time drove him almost to the point of resigning his high office. To a bosom friend, in a moment of confidence, he exclaimed, under much excitement: "These gentlemen want me to disclose my plans, but I can not. If they distrust my intentions before my measures are prepared they will ruin all. How would it do to tell them of * * * * * * before I had sufficient troops in Morelia, in Querétaro, in Puebla, and in Orisava, along with the garrison in the capital? It is impossible for a committee to keep a secret." He was right; for when the storm came he was prepared for it.

On another occasion he was conversing on the question of toleration of religion, a favorite measure of the *Puro* party in Congress, then framing the new Constitution. "They wish me," said Comonfort, "to express myself in favor of toleration, although Rosa (Minister of Foreign Affairs) and Lafragua (Minister of the Interior) have both spoken against it. It may be that Rosa has made an unpopular speech—a weak argument; but it does not follow that he is not still right. What is the use of toleration in the Constitution, when all the people are Catholic, where the few foreigners are indifferent about it, and where no good can come of it? There is no Inquisition now in Mexico, and the abolition of the *fueros* (special privileges) has destroyed the ecclesiastical tribunals. Protestants can do as they please in the country, nor do they ask for this. Toleration in the Constitution would not give them greater rights, but would excite a prejudice against them. Whenever I can understand that Protestants need it, then will be the time to talk on the subject. At present it can only make mischief and injure useful reforms. It is better for the new Constitution to omit all articles about religion, and then Congress may hereafter legislate, if it be required, on the subject." The new Constitution is silent on the question of religion, and this has caused the clergy to denounce it.

Speaking of the liberty of the press, Comonfort remarked: "I am in favor of free discussion, having seen the good effects of it in the United States. But even there it sometimes goes too far, so as to excite an outbreak. Then they tar and feather an editor or two, if it is in the South; while at the North they lynch an editor and mob his office. But here we have no lynching or tar. Therefore when papers try to excite a revolution they must be stopped. They may discuss politics as much as they please, and they do speak very freely of me and my ministers, which is all proper. But they must not go farther and disturb the peace of the country."

As Santa Anna is the representative of the old prejudices of Mexico, under which the country suffered, it would be well to compare his sentiments with Comonfort's. Their expressed opinions of Americans is a fair criterion of their principles and intelligence. "I not only hate but abhor them," said Santa Anna, "as a nation, and all my life has borne testimony to this sentiment. The spirit that animates and the policy that guides the American people is antagonistic to my own country. This I evinced on my return to Mexico after the peace. I found American money in circulation every where. Some two and a half millions of dollars, which had been left by the army, were scattered among our people, corrupting our youth and familiarizing them with the sight of the American eagle. My first decree was to banish it from the country, and I drove it out. I will have none of them, nor of their principles, nor even of their money." (*Correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune, January* 11, 1856.) With such sentiments who can wonder that the plains and cities of Mexico were as unchangeable in their aspect, and as untouched by the hand of progress and improvement, as the sides of their snow-clad volcanoes that have slumbered for centuries.

Comonfort has spoken in other terms: "The Americans are a great people—all actuated by the same impulse of *adelante*—'go ahead.' When I was in New York I was at first confused, bewildered with the noise and bustle of Broadway and Wall Street. I can not say what I admired the most about them; but I am sure I was amazed at the *moriamento*—the activity, the commotion. They are sharp at making a bargain, and you must watch them. But they are reliable. I have many friends, good friends, in the United States, whom I have tried, and whom I could trust under all circumstances. Had we American railroads, steamboats, and manufactures, and tide of immigration, Mexico would flourish. I have always encouraged American enterprise, giving grants, taking off duties on agricultural machinery, and rewarding the improvements in manufactories and in the mines. Why do they not invest more capital here, where there is a high rate of interest? Why do not their invalids come to Jalapa, a better climate than Havana? We are not afraid of filibusters while Mr. Buchanan is President; for he is too just, and too great a statesman to permit us to be disturbed. Therefore I can always be merciful to those who foolishly embark in such nonsense. I did not shoot or punish any in the La Paz expedition: and the sufferers in the Sonora invasion met their fate from their folly in plundering; but I gave orders to spare all who were captured: which was done. It has been customary to abuse the Americans, and at the same time to take their money for Mexican territory which its people sold to the States. But I will not sell territory, however much we need money. The Yankees, however, may come among us; for we are always glad to see them, as I wish all kinds of improvements in Mexico—*porsupuesto*—of course."

Such being the sentiments of President Comonfort we need not be surprised at the new aspect which the capital presents in the last two years. Railroads extending and in active operation to Tacubaya and Guadalupe; while lines of omnibuses run through the principal streets, the stages so freshly imported for immediate demand that the New York lettering is still bright upon them with "Fulton Ferry," "Jersey Ferry," "Barclay Street," and even "Wall Street and Madison Avenue," as legible as paint and gilding can make them. American drivers, and even American proprietors, figure as the ubiquitous "Kipp and Brown." The city is extending in all directions. The Paseo to the Garita of Belen has become a street lined with substantial mansions. That portion of the metropolis called New Mexico has become a new city, with its elegant, costly, and magnificent buildings recently erected. The Villa of Tacubaya has also undergone as great mutation. But in fact the whole valley indicates the same progress and change to a happier state of things.

Under the mild government of one man have all these things been achieved, and in distant countries the echo is now heard to the praises bestowed on him by his countrymen. Perhaps his own people may not yet fully comprehend his greatness, although sensible of a new light breaking upon them. They may perceive the dawn of a new day; but as the distant hills first attract the sun's rays, in like manner distant nations may catch the first sparks of genius which great minds shed upon mankind.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

ANY person who goes into the Astor Library will remark on the lower shelf on the left-hand side as you enter, and close to the desk of the assistant librarian, a huge collection of folio volumes, bound in scarlet and gold. On inspecting them a little closer you will find that they are entitled "*Opere del Cavaliere Gian-Batista Piranesi.*" The work itself is well worth your inspection, particularly after I have related to you the little story which follows.

I am a bibliomaniac. You sneer, perhaps, and say that bibliomania is the science of catalogues. Never was man more mistaken. It is a science full of the most profound revelations, the most unexpected and often original adventures.

I was at Naples in the year 1850, pursuing the travels which every American thinks indispensable, and chasing rare books with true bibliophilical enthusiasm. Like all bibliomaniacs, I was exceedingly economical in every thing but books. I dressed shabbily, lodged shabbily, and ate cheaply, greatly to the scandal of my fellow-countrymen, who, when they are in Europe, think that it is one of the ten commandments to spend all they have got and something over. I avoided all the public sales, where book collectors are so often plucked of every sou they possess, and I haunted the small second-hand book-stores, where I could rummage high and low at my pleasure.

If you never were a bibliomaniac you can not comprehend its transports. It is one of the most ardent of all the passions if you give it the rein, and I perfectly comprehend how, through its influence, the German doctor became an assassin. I declare to you that I was once near killing one of my friends who cut a leaf in an edition of a work, which was the only proof I possessed that my copy had never been used. The Vandal was astonished at my rage!

One day at Naples, while walking on the Piazza Nuova, imagine my delight when I saw a large roll of parchments in a book-shop. With the cunning which belongs specially to bibliomaniacs, I dissimulated the emotion that I experienced. I approached the store with affected indifference, and turned over the leaves of some old prayer-books. I had scarcely done so, when I remarked a most curious-looking character leaning over a large folio in a corner of the store. He was dressed in an old French surtout of the style of the last century, and he wore a powdered wig, with the queue carefully tied and bobbing over his shoulders. I jostled him as if by accident. He looked up, and I recognized in him a strange creature whom I had often seen at Naples, in the same costume, walking always with great solemnity, saluting every body, principally the ladies, with a lofty elevation of his hat and a gracious smile. I was really glad to have this opportunity of making his acquaintance; so, in order to form some plan of operations, I cast my eyes over the book which he held open. It was a collection of architectural designs engraved on a large scale. I observed that he considered it with great attention, measuring the gigantic proportions, and, putting his hand across his temples, seemed plunged in profound thought.

"Evidently he is an architect," said I to myself. "To please him I will feign a passion for architecture."

At the instant that these thoughts crossed my mind, my glance fell on a collection of huge folios, on which I read, "*Opere del Cavaliere Gian-Batista Piranesi.*" Capital! thought I. The very thing. So soliloquizing, I took a volume and opened it.

It contained projects of colossal erections, for the realization of which quintillions of men, quintillions of dollars, and quintillions of years would have been necessary. Those sculptures from the living rock; those vast steps leading to the peaks of mountains; those rivers changed into fountains; all this colossal grandeur made so deep an impression on me, that I quite forgot the old man with whom I wished to enter into conversation.

Above all others my attention was enchained by one volume. A volume filled from beginning to end by designs of prisons and dungeons of every species. Vaults without end, interminable catacombs, donjon-keeps, towers covered with mosses, ramparts green with herbage, and, as a fit ornamentation for all this, instruments of torture the most various and horrible that the affrighted imagination of a criminal could suggest. A shudder passed through my veins, and I shut the book.

Nevertheless, seeing that my queer friend had been struck by my admiration for the works of the Chevalier Piranesi, I turned toward him and said,

"You are an amateur of architecture, I perceive."

"Of architecture?" he repeated, with a sort of terror. "Yes"—and he seemed to look with a sort of disdain at my shabby attire—"Yes, I am an amateur of architecture!"

And he was silent.

By Jove! thought I to myself, the fellow is sparing of his words.

"In that case," I resumed, boldly, "put down your book, and come and admire those prodigious fantasies."

And I opened one of the volumes of Piranesi.

He approached me slowly with the air of a man who is disturbed for some trivial thing; but he had scarcely cast his eyes upon the open volume, than he made a step backward, wrung his hands and cried,

"For God's sake shut that fatal, that frightful book!"

"This is somewhat better," thought I. Then aloud—"I can not comprehend, Sir, your aversion for this volume. It pleases me so much, on the contrary, that I am going to buy it immediately."

And so saying I drew my purse from my pocket.

"You have money!" he cried, in a trembling voice, like *Lemaître* in *La Vie d'un Joueur*—"you have money!" and he shivered all over with emotion.

I confess that these reiterated exclamations about my money cooled somewhat my interest in the old amateur of architecture. Nevertheless curiosity conquered prudence.

"Are you in want of money?" I asked him.

"In great want," he answered; "in great, great want."

And he struck his forehead with his clenched hand.

"How much do you want?" I demanded, for I began to pity him. "Perhaps I can assist you."

"Great Heaven!" he replied, "a mere nothing. To commence with—say ten millions of ducats."

"Ten millions of ducats!" I cried stupefied. "What to do with them, pray?"

"To build a road between Etna and Vesuvius, and so make an approach for my projected palace."

While he said this the old man remained perfectly serious. As for me I could not keep myself from laughing, but that appeared to be to him a matter of indifference.

"But," I continued, "why is it that you, a man of colossal ideas, entertain such an aversion for the works of the Chevalier Piranesi? He is a man of your own kidney."

"A man like me! But he is me. I am the Chevalier Piranesi!"

"Come, come, that's rather too much. See here!" and I took a biographical dictionary that lay close by—"see here; Jean Baptiste Piranesi, architect. Died in 1778."

"A ridiculous lie!" replied the old man. "Oh! how happy I would be if it was indeed true. But unhappily I yet live, and it is that abominable book of architecture that prevents my dying."

My curiosity increased. I became anxious to know with what species of madman I was dealing, and I feigned accordingly to enter into all his ideas, and let him entertain himself with the idea that I might perhaps aid him in his projects. His face lighted up with joy, and he grasped my hand.

"My friend," said he, "this is not a proper place for what I have to say to you. We may be overheard by people interested in my ruin. I know the world. Follow me; I will relate to you as we go along my melancholy story."

We went.

"You see in me," said the old man when he had gone a little distance, "the celebrated and unfortunate Piranesi. I was born with talent—what do I say? Why conceal it? I was born with genius. My passion for architecture revealed itself in my infancy, and Michael Angelo in his old age was my master. He was astounded at my plans; and when I attained my twelfth year, this great man dismissed me from his school, saying to me,

"'If you remain with me, you will never be more than my imitator. Go. Carve out a new path, and you will make, without my aid, immortal renown.'

"I obeyed him, and from that day I date all my misfortunes.

"I soon spent the little fortune I possessed, and I could find no work. In vain I laid my projects before the Emperor, the King of France, the Pope, the Cardinals. All listened to me, all admired my plans, approved them and praised them, for the taste for Art introduced by Michael Angelo still reigned in Europe. They looked on me as a man capable of giving immortality to whosoever should employ me. But when the question came up of furnishing me the means with which to execute my works they put me off from year to year. 'It is necessary that our finances should be first restored,' said one. 'We must wait for the arrival of our galloons from America,' said the other. I waited, but in vain. I used up all flatteries and intrigues, and I lowered myself to the uttermost basenesses to which my genius could descend. But all was a loss. Years rolled; great buildings lifted their heads to the clouds, my rivals were glorified, while I—rebuffed day after day from anti-chamber to anti-chamber, with my portfolio bursting with new and magnificent plans—I was left unnoticed.

"I will exemplify to you my feelings when after entering a palace with my heart full of hope, I left it with despair in my soul. That volume that you have just bought, and which contains my plans of prisons, was composed in these evil days. It is the expression of the agonies that I endured. Oh! I have groaned in these dungeons; I have bitten these chains; I experienced a sort of infernal satisfaction in representing the torments of the soul by those of the body.

"Feeling old age approach, and comprehending that there was but one means any longer remaining to me of tempting the fantasy of rich amateurs, I resolved to publish my projects. This publication would be also a species of vengeance which I would wreak on my age. Posterity will curse it, said I to myself, when it sees the genius that its parent has despised.

"I went ardently to work at this new labor. I engraved night and day, and shortly my plans were placed before the public, exciting on one side laughter, on the other admiration. What did I gain by this? Listen, and hear the terrible secret.

"All publications that come from the brain of an artist give birth to a species of persecuting spirit. These demons lodge in your sketches, your designs, under the colors of your paint-brush, or in the strokes of your burin, and are the misery of him who gives them life, because they are beyond all expression imperious and exacting. They wish to be produced, to spread themselves, to play some part. When my spirits became certain that I was about to limit their existence to a simple engraving on paper, and that they would never become, as they had hoped, palaces, towers, and prisons, they rebelled against me. There was a combat between them and me, that resulted in an illness that I believed at the time to be mortal. I felt the weight of eternal sleep already on my eyes, when suddenly— Have you heard of the legend of the Wandering Jew? Well, it is a lying story. I am the true eternal man—the true undying one!

"As I said, I was about to take my eternal sleep, when suddenly my persecuting spirits sprang at me from my engravings, in the form of palaces, chateaus, donjons, prisons, columns, and, forming a circle around me, closed in upon me, crushed me between their gigantic forms, and cried,

"'You must not leave us stamped on paper. Give us life!'"

"Since that moment I have known no more repose. Always and every where my displeased spirits pursue me. Here it is a black dungeon that clasps me in his stony arms; there a tower that advances upon me with a giant's step, and leans over me, cursing me through every loophole.

"I behold myself a prisoner in fortresses that I have myself invented, plunged in jails that I have imagined, fettered in chains that I have wrought out in dreams, and stretched beneath damp and slimy vaults of which I am the author. I suffer all the tortures that my imagination has conceived or my pencil depicted. And all this time those miserable spirits insult my agony. They dance before me with infernal laughter, and cry, in a ferocious voice,

"'No! we will not let you die! Why did you create us, and only give us an incomplete life?'

"Vainly, in my efforts to satisfy them, I wandered from country to country, examining if some one of the edifices built by my rivals would not fall. How I would have hastened to offer to rebuild it! But nothing would stir. A hundred times, at Rome, I have at night climbed to the cupola built by the happy Michael Angelo, and beat it with my fists. It did not even tremble! At Pisa, I have seized in both arms that accursed tower that has been on the verge of falling for seven hundred years, and I have not been able even to shake it. I passed through Europe, Asia, Africa, always seeking ruined monuments to rebuild, pleased with hurricanes, overjoyed with earthquakes. But every where, alas! the day of reconstruction had passed or had not yet arrived. There are many ruins in the world, but not enough yet to satisfy me. Doubtless my day will come. My eyes will not close before my Saviour appears, and my gigantic schemes will be realized elsewhere than on paper. But where is this Saviour? Is it not to be feared that when he arrives my ideas will have grown old?

"Sometimes I deceive my spirits by making them believe that I am about to put into execution some one or other of my ideas. Then they leave me in peace. I was in this condition when you spoke to me. You had the unlucky impulse to open one of my volumes, and I saw—you did not remark it—I saw the great pillar of the temple that I intended to build in the middle of the Mediterranean nodding at me with his huge stony head.

"Now you know my misfortune," continued the old man after a moment's silence, "will you not come to my aid? Only ten millions of ducats! I implore them!"

At these words he fell on his knees before me, and I could not help pitying him.

"Here," said I, drawing a ducat from my purse; "here is all I can give you."

The old man looked at me with a hopeless air.

"I might have foreseen it," he said; "it is always so. Nevertheless it is better than nothing. I will add it to the money I have gathered for the purpose of leveling Mont Blanc, which interferes with the view of the pleasure house I am about to build on the shores of Lake Geneva."

So saying, he walked away.

Now that I have told my story, I shall expect you all to go to the Astor Library and ask to see the works of the unhappy Piranesi.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

TELL it every where, publish it in valley and on mountain that one man in Chicago, who owns a large number of houses, has been to his tenants and reduced the rents, in view of hard times, about twenty per cent. The man's name is James Ward, and his *reward* will be a thousand fold in this world, and in the world to come "life everlasting."

ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

LOBSTER (*staking his existence on the game*). "Black, I win—red, I lose!!!"

THE TAX OF LETTER-WRITING.

JONES (*busy scribbling*). "I say, how do *you* escape so easily from the bore of correspondence?"

BROWN (*busy smoking*). "Why, you see, I am a very lucky fellow. I have the gift of a confoundedly bad handwriting. My friends, when they get one of my letters, don't forget it in a hurry, I can tell you. They have so much difficulty in reading it, that they never think of asking me for a second."

EPISTOLARY RULE.—Never cross your letters. Cross-writing only causes cross reading.

SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.

If you would enjoy the theatre, pay for your admission; if you would stand well with your friends, give them good dinners, and plenty of them; if you are anxious to spend a fortune, publish books at your own expense; if you are fond of scandal, live in a boarding-house; if you have a taste for law, buy horses, and be sure you have a warranty with each of them; if your pleasure lies in grumbling, turn vestryman; if you would sleep soundly, keep the baby out of the room; if you would live happily with your wife, never contradict her.

MARRY (AND DON'T) COME UP.

A fellow that 's single, a fine fellow 's he;
But a fellow that 's married 's a *felo de se.*

A late religious writer stigmatizes the authors of yellow-covered novels as "literary scorpions who sting Virtue to death with their tales."

The Delaware County *Republican* tells a story of two horses in Ridley township, who provide water for each other, the one taking the wooden pump-handle in his mouth and pumping water while the other drinks at the nozzle. Do horses reason? The *Republican* vouches for the truth of the story.

A contemporary very truly remarks that, "however shrewd may be the devices of partisan diplomacy, the thin disguises of its poor deceit are sure to be ultimately penetrated, because no equivocation, however adroit and cunning it may seem, is quite so good as the honest and plain-spoken truth."

"A balloonist" attempted to make an ascension at Albany last week, but it was no go. He got up high enough to clear one or two blocks; came down in a private garden, breaking the shrubbery; lost his pocket-book; was arrested for damages, and put in the watch-house. That's what may be called "ballooning extra."

A Captain Doineau has been tried in Algeria, with some Arab accomplices, for the murder of the Aga Ben Abdallah, chief of a tribe, and a man of great weight. The proceedings were very protracted—much to the disquietude of the Arab mind. During a rather lengthy speech, Bel Kier, one of the accused, started up with a cry of—

"Mercy, mercy, gentlemen! Take my head, but spare me these sittings!"

Doineau and his companions were condemned to death.

At a private party, an "extra" maid was engaged by the hostess to assist the "regular" in passing round the cakes and ice-creams. The "extra," to whom this sort of thing was quite new, got rather excited, and bustled to and fro with considerable more energy than grace, when about retiring, after going the round of one room, she suddenly stopped, and pointing to a portion of the company in another room, innocently inquired of the "regular," loud enough for the whole company to hear, "Hev ye fed them over there?" She disappeared down stairs, amidst laughter so loud, that it must have troubled her sleep for a fortnight.

In Rochester, women who wear the Bloomer uniform are warned to do military duty. A good idea. As they want their "rights," let them take their first installment by carrying a fourteen-pound musket through the mud all day.

Mrs. Peter Piper's baby was making a tremendous noise, and a friend asked Peter why it was so cross?

"It has a stormy mother," said Peter, with a sigh; "you needn't wonder if it's a little squally; it's quite natural."

A couple of Hoosier girls came on board the steamer, at the little town of Mount Vernon, Indiana. They had evidently never been a thousand miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat. The elder one was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unconcerned with regard to the many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was of the opposite turn of mind, inclining to bashfulness. At dinner our ladies were honored with seats at the head of the table, and the elder one, with her usual independence, cut her bread into small pieces, and with her fork reached over and enrolled each mouthful in the nice dressing on a plate of beef-steak before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during the operation by dint of great effort. Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself, she turned round to her and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by half the table—"*Sal, dip into the gravy—Dad pays as much as any on 'em!*" This was followed by a general roar, in which the Captain led off. The girls arrived at their place of destination before supper, and when they left the boat, all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the Hoosier State.

"Were you ever in Cork?" said the gay Mrs. Jones,
In the blandest of manners and sweetest of tones.
"No; madam," said I, "though in Dublin I've been,
Yet of Cork it is only the drawings I've seen."

Some one says of a certain congregation that they pray on their knees Sundays, and on their neighbors the rest of the week.

Mr. D. S. Morrison, of Hot Spring county, Arkansas, has a very extensive field of corn, and going into it some days ago, he got bewildered and lost, and wandered through the field for three days, subsisting on green corn. He was discovered by his negroes on the fourth day of his absence.

Two drovers, of Lincoln, Maine, gathered a herd of one hundred and nineteen cattle, and started with them for Brighton. Near Bangor, they placed them in a pasture for the night. The next morning sixty head were missing. Search being made, it was found that a portion of the sixty had passed two toll bridges and arrived at Mattawamkeag, a distance of seventy miles, the next night after leaving Bangor. The remainder of the sixty were found in the woods about two miles from the pasture from which they escaped.

Jones has discovered the respective natures of a Distinction and a Difference. He says that "a little Difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little Distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

A gentleman was once making fun of a sack which a young lady wore. "You had better keep quiet," was the reply, "or I will give you the sack." "I should be most happy," was the gallant response, "if you would give it to me as it is, with yourself inside of it."

Wordsworth did not possess the sense of smell, and never but once did he have the satisfaction of enjoying through this faculty the nature he loved so well. This was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, and the enjoyment was like a vision of paradise to him.

It was a favorite amusement with Cleopatra, estimable lady, to try experiments with poisons upon prisoners and slaves, and in the excitement caused by their contortions found just the food for her peculiar quality of mind. In honor of her guests it was her custom to cause entertainments of this description, and they all probably enjoyed it as we in our day enjoy a five-act comedy.

An exchange has an article headed "Convention of the Old Boys." All conventions nowadays are "old boys' conventions," though the Old Boy himself can hardly tell where any of the parties stand.

"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said a skeptic to a clergyman. "Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it?" was the caustic reply.

"This is George the Fourth," said an exhibitor of wax-work, pointing to a slim figure. "I thought he was a very stout man." "Very likely, but if you'd been here without victuals half so long as he has, you'd been twice as thin."

A livery stable-keeper, named Spurr, would never let a horse go out without requesting the lessee not to drive fast. One day a young man called to get a turn-out to attend a funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr; "but," he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man wanted the horse, "don't drive fast." "Why, jest look ahere, old feller," said the somewhat excited young man, "I want you to understand that I shall keep up with the procession if it kills the horse!"

A very striking picture of coolness and compassion occurs in Hood's Waterloo ballad:

"Oh, prithee, tell, good sentinel,
If hereabouts he lies—
I want a corpse with reddish hair,
And very sweet blue eyes."

Her sorrow on the sentinel
Appeared to deeply strike:
"Walk in," he said, "among the dead,
And pick out which you like."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday Evening, Oct.* 5, 1857.

The stringency in money still continues, and confidence is not restored. Reference is made elsewhere to the failures and suspensions of the week. To-day there is a somewhat better feeling in Wall Street, and the entire stock list has advanced from 2 to 10 per cent., but in mercantile circles the suffering is still very severe. Exchange on England *has risen* to 102½ @ 103, and 5.30 @ 5.45 on France.

The Foreign Trade of the port during the week compared as follows with the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Oct. 3, 1857	$2,596,054	$1,627,240
Corresponding week, 1856	2,650,392	1,309,390
Decrease	$54,338	
Increase		$317,650

Of specie there was exported $422,000 against $1,114,000 same week last year.

Last Saturday was expected to be the severest day of the season. It was got over without heavy mercantile disaster, though in the morning lower prices ruled at the Stock Board than have ever been known. A reaction is now anticipated.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, October* 5, 1857.

The Wholesale Produce Markets were severely injured by the pressure to sell occasioned by the financial troubles, so very embarrassing during the week. Breadstuffs declined materially, closing with a moderate inquiry at our quotations: Ordinary to extra State Flour $4 25 @ $4 75; superfine to fancy Western do. $4 25 @ $4 80; fancy to extra Genessee do. $5 00 @ $7 50; extra Western do. $4 75 @ $7 50; ordinary superfine to extra Canadian do. $4 25 @ $6 50; mixed to choice extra Southern do. $5 00 @ $7 50; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 00 @ $5 00; Corn Meal, $3 70 @ $3 75 for Jersey, and $4 00 for Brandywine, per barrel. Wheat closes at $1 11 @ $1 35 for White, and 95 @ $1 22 for Red, per bushel. Corn leaves off at 71 @ 71½ c. for Mixed Western per bushel. Rye at 75 c. per bushel. Barley at 80 @ 95 c. per bushel. Oats at 43 @ 46 c. for Western; 40 @ 43 c. for State; 35 @ 39 c. for Jersey and Pennsylvania; and 30 @ 35 c. for Southern, per bushel. Cotton was very quiet at old prices. Middling Uplands 15⅝ @ 15¾ c.; do. Gulfs 15¾ @ 16 c., per pound. Provisions were depressed and decidedly cheaper. We now quote: Mess Pork $23 00 @ $23 25; Prime do. $18 50 per barrel; Hams 11½ @ 12 c.; Shoulders 11 c.; Smoked Bacon 14 @ 14½ c.; Lard 14¼ @ 14½ c., per pound; Repacked Western Mess Beef $14 00 @ $15 50; Beef Hams $19 00 per barrel; common to choice State Butter 16 @ 24 c.; Cheese 6 @ 9 c. per pound. Other commodities were sparingly dealt in, and prices generally favored buyers.

Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about October 1.

	1856.	1857.
Ashes, barrels	—	963
Coffee, packages	92,979	107,800
Sugars, hogsheads	48,798	67,688
Sugars, bags	—	15,457
Sugars, boxes	17,701	22,705
Molasses, hogsheads	8,665	18,647
Molasses, barrels	641	12,167
Cotton, bales	23,199	6,332
Hemp, tons	50	311
Hemp, bales	5,139	11,046
Hides, number	19,500	211,000
Leather, Sole, sides	21,700	159,300
Pork, barrels	17,904	16,225
Beef, tierces and barrels	14,438	5,868
Tobacco, Domestic, hogsheads	7,139	7,062
Tobacco, Spanish, bales	3,393	11,844
Rice, tierces	712	2,748
Rice, bags	—	2,758

Freights were reported dull and heavy. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3/16d. @ ¼d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Grain, 5½d. @ 7d. per bushel; Beef, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per tierce; Rosin, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per barrel; and Heavy Goods, 15s. @ 22s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations.

The Live Stock Markets, suffering under the pressure for money, was heavy for Beeves last Wednesday. The demand was restricted. The week's receipts compare with those of the preceding week, thus:

	Last Week.	*Previous Week.*
Beeves	3,859	3,635
Milch Cows	199	280
Veal Calves	681	824
Sheep and Lambs	12,855	12,046
Swine	2,288	478

The range of prices for Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 7 c. for the poorest to 11½ c. for first quality per pound. Milch Cows and Veal Calves varied but little in demand or value. Sheep and Lambs declined 50 c. @ $1 00 per head, with a slack trade. Swine were in request at rather firmer rates; 6 @ 7¼ c. for live, and 8¼ @ 9¼ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market was less active, and, with increasing supplies, prices of the leading commodities exhibited no important improvement.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 50	@	$5 00
Grapes, per pound	6	@	12
Peaches, per basket	$1 50	@	$3 00
Plums, per bushel	$3 00	@	$5 00
Pears, common to good, per barrel	$1 50	@	$8 00
" prime to extra, per barrel	$10 00	@	$18 00
Potatoes, new, per barrel	$2 25	@	$3 25
" sweet, per barrel	$2 50	@	$3 25
Onions, per barrel	$1 50	@	$2 00
Turnips, new, per barrel	50	@	$1 75
Tomatoes, per basket	37	@	50
Squashes, new, per barrel	$1 25	@	$1 50
Watermelons, per 100	$2 00	@	$20 00
Beets, per 100 bunches	$2 00	@	$3 00
Cucumbers, pickles, per 1000	$2 00	@	$2 50
Cabbages, per 100	$1 00	@	$3 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Chicory, per 100	75	@	$1 00
Parsnips, per dozen bunches	37	@	44
Carrots, per 100 bunches	$2 00	@	$3 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	50	@	$1 75
Beans, per basket	37	@	50
" per bushel	50	@	62
Corn, per 100 ears	50	@	75
" Sweet, per 100 ears	50	@	75
Leeks, per 100	$2 50	@	$3 00
Celery, per dozen	75	@	$1 00
Garlic, per 100	$7 00	@	—
Peppers, per 100	37	@	50
Cranberries, per barrel	$8 50	@	$15 00
Butter, Western, per pound	14	@	18
" State, per pound	16	@	24
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	17	@	—
" Western, per dozen	12	@	14
Chickens, per pair	50	@	$1 00
Live Fowls, per pair	88	@	$1 00
Ducks, per pair	75	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound	20	@	22
Geese, each	$1 00	@	$1 50
Pigeons, Squab, per dozen	$1 50	@	$1 65
" wild, per dozen	63	@	75
Woodcock, per dozen	$3 75	@	$4 50
Beef, per pound	6	@	9
Mutton, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lamb, per pound	7	@	10
Veal, per pound	8	@	10
Pork, per pound	8½	@	10

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